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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## FOLK SONG AND HANDICRAFTS FESTIVAL

AN event of more than ordinary interest, particularly in view of the forthcoming and long looked for announcement regarding Official Celebrations in connection with the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, is the Canadian Folk Song and Handicrafts Festival, which is to be held at the Chateau Frontenac from May 20th to May 22nd inclusive. We have before us a copy of the very artistic brochure outlining the event and attractions incidental to and arising out of this unique event, which is to be under the auspices of the National Museum of Canada. Dr. Marius Barbeau of the National Museum, an internationally known authority of folksong and handicraft, is in charge of this work of organization. A number of skilled weavers and spinners from the country districts will demonstrate the complete process of making the flax into thread and spinning or weaving homespun clothes, catalogues, hookrugs, etc. The ancient method of making the coloured sashes, or *ceintures fléchées*, as practised at l'Assomption, will also be demonstrated. All such work is done to the accompaniment of folksongs and the workers engaged are either accomplished singers themselves or are accompanied by such singers. The latter will include internationally known performers of English and French-Canadian origin, such as Vincent Ferrier de Repentigny, Rodolphe Plamondon,

Charles Marchand, Juliette Gaultier de la Verendyre, Madame Jeanne Dusseau and J. Campbell McInnes. In addition, the Hart House String Quartette, a national Canadian institution established by the Hon. Vincent Massey, Canadian Minister at Washington, will interpret the compositions of Dr. Ernest MacMillan of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Dr. Healy Willan, a distinguished Canadian composer, also connected with the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Oscar O'Brien of Montreal, and others.

Those who attend this Festival will also have the opportunity, not to be missed, of hearing the famous Choir of the Basilica at Quebec, with its fine traditions of Gregorian music. If this Festival lives up to one-half of what the thirty-two page brochure promises, it will prove to be an event of intrinsic interest and constructive value. Our readers would do well to enquire into this matter and if possible show their appreciation of the unique event through attendance. Famous critics and musicians from all parts of the Continent have signified their intention of being present.

## MAZO DE LA ROCHE'S PRIZE NOVEL

WHEN Mazo de la Roche received the \$10,000 prize offered by the Atlantic Monthly for a novel, the award left only one cause for regret. Once again a Canadian novelist has had to



await recognition abroad in order to win appreciation at home. Mazo de la Roche is one of the few Canadian writers who endeavour sincerely to offer the public only the best that is in them. A few years ago, she destroyed an entire novel because discriminating friends, who had seen the manuscript, did not consider it worthy of her, and the story was not without a certain sensational appeal. It must be discouraging for an author, conscious of her own purposes, to find herself carelessly classed with the novel-smiths, who turn out easy and imitative tales calculated to attract readers of popular fiction and to win a quick return in royalties. That was largely the fate of Miss de la Roche until *Jalna* opened the eyes of the average Canadian to the fact that she possesses distinctive qualities as a writer. Now they are applauding her, not because her earlier books possess subtle merits, but because the Boston *literati* have decided that *Jalna* is worth \$10,000. Mazo de la Roche is almost the only Canadian novelist with an instinct for words. She was writing just as well a year ago as now, but only now are her countrymen commencing to appreciate that she has style. It is an open secret that she has made sacrifices to maintain the literary standards with which she started out, which makes her final triumph all the more gratifying. Her case might be pressed upon the attention of the log-rolling fraternity who prefer self-advertisement in public places to concentration in the privacy of their attics.

#### MODERN ART

WHATEVER may be the individual value of those very modern paintings recently shown at the Art Gallery, the exhibition as a whole is certain to have done some good. It is certain to have helped a few people—six or twelve or a hundred—to a better realization of the fact that the visual arts are not ultimately the handmaids of literature but something fundamentally different, an affair of space-relations, expressed through colour, line, solid form. Very few laymen and not all artists realize this with their own natures, though many of the uninitiated have accepted the fact theoretically and are not at variance with it. The colour-organist, the cubist, and their clan, all tell us in unequivocal terms that the world of space-relations, intellectually explored for centuries by the mathematician, can also be sensuously explored by the artist, that the pure art of space is just as legitimate philosophically as the pure art of time, which is opened for us by the sound-vibrations of music. This is the great incontrovertible fact behind the freaks and the oddities, the frequent spuriousness, and the occasional high solemnity of the works in question. Nothing can shake it; the more we study the human consciousness, the more we see how firm and deep-rooted in our nature is the basis of this difficult and perplexing art.

If a serious artist or a serious student of art extracts pleasure from these tentative experiments in non-representative or faintly representative art, we must bow to the fact and say 'Why shouldn't he?' The validity of an art is not to be determined by any majority vote. At this time it is probable that only an infinitely small fraction of one per cent. of the human race can really enter this artistic world and live in it. But what of that? If we were able to subtract from the number of those who enjoy pictures the vast majority who have never seen beyond the representational and illustrative to the true visual art behind, we might arrive at a not very different figure. The art of painting, properly conceived, has never been anything but highly esoteric, and in its more abstruse experiments it cannot fail to be doubly so.

#### EASTER AND EDUCATION

The Easter Holidays in Canada, as no doubt in other parts of the world, are devoted to Conventions of Teachers at which problems affecting their work are discussed with more or less frankness. It is a matter of pride to be able to record the fact that these Conventions in Canada boast of excellent attendances. What a temptation it must be to teachers to take advantage of the opportunity to escape from the school room and all that that phrase implies! Canada is indeed fortunate in having teachers with such a fine spirit. This spirit must, inevitably, find its real outlet in the class room, and our children are the richer for it. We could say much about the facility with which politicians, as such, use Education as a means to an end. Whenever 'cuts' are demanded, what is the first Department that is called upon to do the pruning? Education! If parents and those who are really interested in children, would give unstinted support to Governments and Municipalities that would relentlessly and fearlessly support Education—which includes, of course, the burning question of salaries—we would soon find a changed attitude with results that would be obvious to anyone really interested in Canada's future.

#### CANADIAN FOLK SONG

ALTHOUGH many volumes have been written on the history of the French-Canadians, there is a fascinating field still to be explored in connection with their song. It contains melodies which seem to date back to the days of the troubadours and trouvères, those highly sophisticated poet musicians of mediaeval times. It includes *chansons* which give the impression of having once been Court airs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Other melodies of that date still sung in Quebec are clearly folksongs pure and simple, framed on recognized patterns. Then again there are late seventeenth and eighteenth century songs brought to Canada no doubt by soldiers and sailors, with a few such as Lully's '*Au Clair de La Lune*.'



And last but not least there are the songs native to Canada composed often by illiterate shantymen or farm folk, suggestive of the fiddle in music and associated with words of a genuine and robust humour.

The main movement of population from France to Nova Scotia and the St. Lawrence ranges from 1608 to 1720, and it should not be forgotten that a considerable proportion of these *émigrés* were of good family. They came from different parts of France, and as each district of France has its regional folk songs, one can sometimes definitely locate the origin of a French-Canadian family by the songs it sings. The sixteenth century was a musical century in France. Henry IV. and Louis XIII. were both amateur musicians and maintained large establishments of musicians at Court. Louis XIV. was lavish in his support of Lully. At Paris, the most popular feature of the two great annual fairs were the ballad operas in which familiar folk-songs and vaudeville songs were used to new words adapted to the occasion. The sailors who manned the ships for Canada had their chanteys, and so it was that the French brought with them an immense volume of vocal music, not recorded in print but retained in the memories of the people. At the National Museum in Canada no less than 4,000 individual melodies are said to have been recorded, mostly by Marius Barbeau and E. Z. Massicotte, the Court Archivist of Montreal. And these are probably only a fraction of the melodies still to be heard from the lips of habitant women as they spin and weave.

The value of such an inheritance to Canada can hardly be over-estimated, when we remember what folksong meant to composers such as Liszt, Chopin, Dvorak, Bizet, Vincent d'Indy, and many another. To the Canadian composer the difficulty has been that he has not had the time or inclination to go round the country districts of Quebec looking for such music. There is therefore a particular interest attaching to the forthcoming Folksong and Handicraft Festival being organized by the National Museum at Quebec for next May. Picked singers with notable repertoires of folksong (one fisherman from Gaspé can reel off no less than 400) will be present in congenial surroundings—with looms and spinning wheels at work, or with canoe or fishing nets at hand, while the Museum authorities will no doubt have readily accessible transcriptions of the melodies they sing. It is an opportunity which every teacher of music should welcome and encourage his pupils to make the most of.

#### DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

IT seems to us that the Dominion Committee charged with the responsibility of the programme that is to be followed in connection with the celebration on the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation is taking an unconscionable time in making its decisions (if any)

known to the people of this country. It is reasonable to assume that many are awaiting their programme as at least a guide to Provincial and Municipal authorities, as well as any other enterprising organizations that may have in mind a fitting and desirable recognition of the event. But we are wrong, for an announcement has been made, that in addition to July 1st—Dominion Day—July 2nd is also to be declared a National Holiday. It was an inauspicious beginning, for we have heard that some merchants protested against the loss of another day's business, but apparently without effect. Perhaps we are unduly impatient. If so, we ask all concerned to charge it up to our natural enthusiasm incidental to and arising out of this important event of our history, and to our keen desire that the rest of the world should know as early as possible the extent to which we are to recognize the event by which the enthusiasm for our country will be measured.

#### CHILDREN AND MONEY

NOT long ago, I forget exactly how and where, a child's savings' bank hundreds of years old was discovered. The comment was made in some kindly paper that it seemed a pity when children were urged to save their pennies for some distant grown-up use, instead of being taught to spend them wisely while their value was still so comparatively great. Five cents can bring real happiness to a child but many dollars saved can do very little for the adult.

Of course such a comment has little chance of winning the sympathy of those who hold that thrift is one of the cardinal virtues. And this is, apparently, the doctrine of the educational authorities in Ontario. One day at school the children hear that a strange gentleman is to address them on an important subject. Unfortunately the great majority of children are docile by nature. Unfortunately too (at this moment) almost all children between the ages of twelve and fourteen are particularly suggestible to any teaching coming in the way of an ideal appeal. This is the age when they crave something to aim at, when aspiration rather than habit is the clue to much of their behaviour. So our gentleman visitor addresses them, and this is the gist of what he says:

Thrift is an important virtue. Get the habit of putting something each week into the school bank. This is the way to get rich. Money is good and the more money you have the better it is for you. Earn money for yourselves. Ask your mother to give you ten cents if you help her with the dishes. Bring your earnings to the school bank. The boy or girl who saves is going to be the successful man or woman.

And these children who listen are the children who, of their own native virtue, have been generous and helpful and blessedly unthrift. There probably is a place for thrift in the grown-up world, but to

teach it to children in such a way is to give the lie to the inborn virtues of childhood. We are hastening to substitute the wisdom of this world for the natural graces of the child. Much is talked about educational reform, but the most urgent need of all is to clean out the service of mammon from text-book and classroom. This cannot be done by introducing little pious poems into the readers. These mean nothing at all to the normal healthy child. It can only be done by filling the minds of the children with the things that are beautiful and true and pure and of good report.

'Had any man spoken of it, it had been the most easy thing in the world, to have taught me, and to have made me believe, that Heaven and Earth was God's House, and that He gave it me. That the Sun was mine, and that men were mine, and that cities and kingdoms were mine also: that Earth was better than gold, and that water, every drop of it, was a precious jewel. And that these were great and living treasures; and that all riches whatsoever else was dross in comparison. From whence I clearly find how docile our nature is in natural things, were it rightly entreated. And that our misery proceedeth ten thousand times more from the outward bondage of opinion and custom than from any inward corruption or depravation of Nature: and that it is not our parents' loins, so much as our parents' lives that enthralls and binds us. . . . It had been the easiest thing in the world to teach me that all felicity consisted in the enjoyment of all the world, that it was prepared for me before I was born, and that nothing was more divine and beautiful.'

The presentation of every subject should be severely scrutinised from this point of view, if we really wish our educational system to stem the tide of materialism which all thinking people agree to be in danger of swamping the good life. Arithmetic, history, geography may be the servants of mammon or the servants of virtue. Certainly by linking these studies at every step with commerce, finance, and nationalism we are not helping our children to enjoy their spiritual heritage. However much we ourselves may glory in our business-like and thoroughly sensible lives, does it never strike us to question the propriety of making our class-rooms so very practical and worldly-wise?

There are classes and there are perhaps schools where everything possible is done to shift the emphasis, to fill the childrens' minds so completely with stories, images, facts, and ideas, delightful for their own sake, that they do not (for a year or two) realise that the whole business of living is to make more money than the other fellow. But even to such schools comes the man from head-quarters with his address on the subject of thrift and carefully calculated dealings between parent and child. And even

such schools have to train their children in details of mortgages, insurance, and rent, when the whole world of fact and imagination and art lies waiting to be known.

'You never enjoy the world aright, till the Sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars: and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you.'

This is what geography may become: 'When I heard of any new kingdom beyond the seas, the light and glory of it pleased me immediately, it rose up within me, and I was enlarged wonderfully. I entered into it, I saw its commodities, rarities, springs, meadows, riches, inhabitants, and became possessor of the new room, as if it had been prepared for me, so much was I magnified and delighted in it'. Surely there are wiser ways of dealing with a child's possessive instincts than telling him to hoard his pennies and increase his store by earning at home: 'The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins, and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the World was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it'.

MARGARET FAIRLEY.

## UNREST IN THE SENATE

THE development of a 'left wing' within the majority party in the Red Chamber is perhaps the most sensational news that has come from Ottawa during the final days of the Parliamentary session, and if this information had come from a less reliable source than the official Conservative press it might be discredited as the invention of an imaginative reporter. A leading article in the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, which announced the resignation of Hon. W. B. Ross, leader of the Conservative party in the upper house, stated that there is a definite cleavage between the progressive and reactionary factions of the party. Many people will be astonished to learn that a 'progressive' group forms part of the Conservative majority in the Senate, but to anyone who has followed party politics fairly closely for some time, it should occasion no surprise. The names Conservative and Liberal have no esoteric significance in this country, and frequently the Tories—particularly when passing through a period of adversity—have been more radical, both in theory and practice, than the Liberals. Without attempting to popularize the dogma of collectivism, Sir Adam Beck was in fact a pragmatic Socialist, and the Conservative party in Ontario has for long supported a measure of State Socialism under the euphonious title of Public Ownership. In the most important

speech which he made during the last session, Mr. R. B. Bennett advocated a limited form of State control of credit, and if the Senate majority should decide that it is good policy to appear more radical than the radicals, it will be able to find an abundance of precedent within the records of its own party.

In Great Britain, Conservatism has a genuine social and economic basis; the land-owning class has for generations been the back-bone of the party, and although some urban districts in England are temperamentally Tory, it is the rural constituencies which provide Mr. Baldwin with most of his safe seats. The political situation in rural Canada is quite different. Except in a few of the older settled districts, the farmer is becoming more 'progressive' or radical in his views than the townsman, and if the Conservative party wishes to capture any of the townships on the prairies and to retain part of the agricultural vote in Ontario, it may be obliged to follow suit. However, in this case, it will not be all plain sailing. The Conservatives are traditionally the loyalist party, the steadfast supporters of the Crown, the Church, the State, and the Flag, and all the sentimental and hereditary attributes of these institutions, and although many Liberals and Progressives indignantly deny that the Tories have any vested right in these patriotic principles the ultra-loyal element in the community can usually be depended upon to vote the Conservative ticket. Unfortunately the 'dirt' farmer (dirt being used in a complimentary rather than abusive sense) is becoming increasingly suspicious of imperialism, and there is a general tendency in the country districts towards nationalism, pacifism, and other isms which are abhorrent to the full-blooded patriot. A perusal of a few representative farm journals makes this very plain. It may, therefore, be very difficult for a Conservative Board of Strategy to devise a policy which will entice the rural voter within the fold, without offending the Orange vote in Tory Toronto and in the rest of the Dominion.

J. F. WHITE.

## THE LABRADOR BOUNDARY DECISION

The article which appeared in the April number of THE CANADIAN FORUM under this title was written because the opinion expressed in it (i.e., that Canada has been the victim of misfortune if not injustice in her boundary disputes) does exist in the minds of many Canadians. It is essential that this fact be faced and not glibly disposed of with the wave of a hand. If the opinion is wrong or unjustified, it should be denied and the truth of the reasons for each of our misfortunes stated. No one can look at a map of Canada and not feel that our struggle to create and maintain a real Canadian nation has been tremendously increased by geographic and economic factors, and these have been

added to by the 'Corner of Maine,' the 'Panhandle of Alaska,' and the 'Coast of Labrador.'

In all fairness to the British connection, however, and particularly to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, several circumstances should be pointed out. The Ashburton Treaty which fixed the Maine boundary was a diplomatic settlement, and while its results do seem unfortunate, Canada probably came out of it fairly well—certainly better than at the hands of a neutral arbitrator, the King of the Netherlands, whose decision the United States refused to accept. The blame, if blame there be, goes back to those who negotiated earlier treaties, and they were concerned with, for them, far more important things than the title to some square miles of uninhabited forests in a continent of forests. There is less to be said for the Alaska boundary decision, but on the whole we were the victims of American Imperialism, rather than of intentional carelessness on the part of British diplomats. In any event it is almost certain that we would not have been more successful had we been left to our own unaided remedies.

The Labrador Decision is on quite a different footing, for Canada and Quebec both agreed to the submission of the dispute to the Privy Council, and both are morally bound by the decision whether they like it or not. Any suggestion that they should refuse to be bound by it or to give up possession is decidedly childish. Their Lordships were under no duty to act in this affair, nor were the parties bound to submit the case to them. But their Lordships were asked, and on the interpretation of certain documents they found that in their opinion Newfoundland had the better claim to the disputed area. One may disagree with their finding, but it is unsportsmanlike to suggest partiality. It is perhaps a pity that the matter went to the Privy Council at all, for, while it was not in the nature of an 'appeal' to that body, the man in the street is not likely to differentiate between the Privy Council acting as a 'Court of Appeal' and the Privy Council as a '*persona designata*' acting as an arbitration tribunal or international court of justice, and it will not thereby be made more popular with the losing side. Had we been wise, we should have compromised the issue and bought out Newfoundland's claim long ago. However, there is little use now in crying over the might-have-beens, and we must make the best of things as they are.

NORMAN MacKENZIE.

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## THE CANADIAN BANKING SYSTEM

BY W. C. GOOD

*Money is something in which everyone is interested and it is through the Banks that we obtain our supply of this desirable medium of exchange. A good banking system is of primary importance to any civilized country, and it is generally admitted that our Canadian system has many excellent features. Mr. W. C. Good, who some years ago as a Member of Parliament did some first-rate work on the Banking Committee of the House of Commons, suggests in the following article some changes by which he believes our banking system could be improved. In a subsequent issue we shall publish an article presenting the point of view of a Canadian Banker.—EDITOR, THE CANADIAN FORUM.*

**D**URING the early part of 1923 I was a member of the Banking and Commerce Committee of the House of Commons, and in that capacity assisted in the revision of the Canadian Bank Act which then took place. After the session was over I spent two months investigating the actual working out of the Canadian and American Banking systems in Western Canada and in the Pacific and Middle-West States. Late that fall I published eight articles, embodying the results of my investigations, dealing, among other things, with inflation and deflation, Government supervision of Banks, the Independent Bank versus the Branch Bank, the Federal Reserve system and bank competition. If, therefore, in now complying with the request of THE CANADIAN FORUM, I shall summarize or repeat a good deal of what I said in 1923, the reader must understand that in my opinion present conditions are much the same as they were then, and need to be dealt with in pretty much the same way as then recommended.

In one respect, however, the situation differs from what it was in 1923. During the session of 1924 the need for Government supervision was admitted, and an amendment to the Bank Act almost identical with what some of us had vainly striven for in 1923 was passed with little opposition. The disastrous failure of the Home Bank, in the Fall of 1923, was doubtless responsible for the change of attitude. Under the circumstances, therefore, I need not further argue this point.

With respect to Inflation and Deflation I should like to point out again that in modern times credit instruments of banks (cheques, drafts, etc.) constitute by far the greater part of our total volume of money. And further, that changes in the money volume are mainly responsible for changes in the price-level. Some bankers are disposed to challenge this last statement and to claim that changes in the volume of money are *consequences* and *not causes* of changes in the price-level. The consensus of expert opinion is against this view; but so far as practical public policy is concerned it matters little which is cause and which consequence, for it is evident that no general advance in prices could take place and continue if it were not possible to increase the supply of money.

Now an unstable price-level is socially disastrous. It brings in its train alternate booms and depressions. It involves an essential violation of all contracts. It is, therefore, most important to stabilize the price-level, that is, to stabilize the purchasing power of the dollar. Who is to do this? Standards of various kinds have been established and are maintained by public authority. Why should not the standard of value be so established and maintained? The State regulates the relatively small amount of metal and paper money; why should it not regulate the relatively large amount of credit instruments? Why strain at a gnat and swallow a camel? Surely the regulation of money is a function of the State, to be carried out in the interests of all citizens. But more, the regulation of the volume of money is dangerous to leave uncontrolled in private hands. Bank credit expands most readily when prices are rising and contracts most readily when prices are falling, thus accelerating the movement in both directions. To quote a recent authority: 'Higher prices lead to higher wages; higher wages lead to still higher prices; higher dollar-valuations of products are used as bases for larger bank loans; larger bank loans put more money into circulation and thus provide buyers with the means of further bidding up prices; speculation still further stimulates the upward movement, and the upward movement still further stimulates speculation, and so on until a crisis is reached'. And then, when the dizzy height has been reached, even a word of caution will suffice to produce a panic. Everyone wishes to unload, to realise; and as a consequence no one wishes to buy. Prices tumble with almost inconceivable rapidity and business is demoralized or ruined. Everything has become a gamble. Surely these conditions should be tolerated only if beyond remedy.

Now, of course, in the long run banks suffer from these alterations, and if they were wise they would strive to mitigate or abolish them. But, unfortunately, they are usually woefully ignorant of what causes the business cycle and therefore ignorant of any remedies. Also, unfortunately, they are exposed to the constant temptation to overloan during a boom period because, forsooth, the management's duty is to earn dividends for shareholders, and earnings come from loans. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that they will refrain

from 'making hay while the sun shines', without much regard for the social, and sometimes remote, consequences of their actions. Private interests of all kinds have always tended to become anti-social and must be held in check. And in particular, so long as banks have control of the money volume, they should be bound to exercise that control in the public interest.

Our Canadian Banks are under no such explicit obligation. Each Bank is free to determine its own policy, or to act with other Banks through the Canadian Bankers' Association. Conceivably this latter Association might be charged with added duties and held strictly to account. But the simpler way would seem to be the establishment of a Central Bank, under definite public control, whose duties in respect to several matters should be specifically set forth. This Bank could take over the note issue, act as a reserve bank for all other banks, and exercise some stabilizing influence through its control of interest rates. It is quite true that its administration might be faulty, but it would be amenable to public correction, as, for example, happened when the Federal Reserve Banks of the United States were called to account in 1921. The arraignment which the Federal Reserve Board suffered at that time was no doubt salutary, resulting in a much wiser policy during the last few years—doubtless no inconsiderable factor in the recent recovery of business. Had the management not been definitely responsible to the public it is hardly likely that the protest would have been made, or, if made, that it would have been as effective as it was.

The establishment of a central bank of rediscount would have other potential advantages besides that of helping to stabilize the price-level. It would make it possible for local independent banks to compete on an equal footing with the large Canadian Banks. If, as I firmly believe, the community bank has many advantages over the branch bank, it should labour under no such disabilities as now prevent its emergence in Canada. In this connection a central bank of rediscount would be of vital importance. Within the limits of this article I cannot deal adequately with the advantages of the independent local bank, as contrasted with our branch banks. I may, however, quote the following summary of our investigations in Western Canada in 1923:—'There seems good reason for concluding, therefore, from the above unsolicited comments, and from many others which I heard, that along with undoubted advantages, the Canadian system of branch banking has developed a number of characteristic and inevitable weaknesses, to say nothing of the danger of the concentration of financial power in two or three of our big cities'.

In contradistinction, the testimony of American bankers, many of whom were native Canadians with experience in Canadian Banks, was significant, in

that with practically no exceptions it was favourable to the American system of unit banks. I met two presidents of groups of local banks, the majority of the stock of each being held by a central organization, though the local banks had local boards of directors who were in control of the management ordinarily. These men, while favouring such small systems, were opposed to such a development of branch banking as we have in Canada, on account of the difficulties of long-distance management. In this connection may I quote from one of my 1923 articles:—

'I had, quite accidentally, an excellent opportunity of learning what these men had in mind in insisting upon the restriction of branch banking to territory known to the central management. While visiting one of them—in the North-west—he was called into consultation by one of his branch bank managers over the case of a farmer who had become heavily involved. What did he do? He did not write a letter of instructions. On the contrary he, the local manager, and myself drove out eighteen miles to the farm in question, and spent an hour and a half there, looking over the farm and live stock, and discussing matters with the farmer. I was not present during most of the discussions, but I got their story from the farmer's wife, and on the way home was given the head banker's point of view, together with a number of most illuminating comments on the methods and condition of farmers in that neighbourhood. This man had been born in the North-West and had lived in that district for thirty years. What he did was customary, but I could not imagine its being done by any of the big bankers who appeared before the Committee at Ottawa last spring. Indeed, for them, and under our system, it would be a physical impossibility. How far the need is met by district superintendents is an open question . . .'

I was driven to the conclusion that the peculiar and unique advantages of the local bank—its local boards of directors and officials, with their intimate knowledge of local conditions, the relative permanence of the management, and the identification of the bank's interests with those of the community—were not possible under our system. In this connection an interesting comment was made by a high official of one of our Canadian Banks, resident for many years in the Middle-West. He did not think the branch-bank system suitable for a country such as Canada or the United States, each with a vast territory, a relatively sparse population, and a great variety of local conditions and resources. In England, conditions were very different and branch-banking would be much more suitable. I repeat, therefore, that if you are to reap the advantages of local banks we must make it possible for them to be established and to survive, and to this end a central bank is practically essential, for

alone the local bank cannot cope with local disasters such as crop failures and the like.

As for bank competition in Canada we must endure the waste incidental thereto or incur the risks and dangers of monopoly. The only alternative is co-operative banking. The constant reduction in the number of our banks, either through failures or mergers, is undoubtedly reducing the waste of competition, and at the same time robbing us of its advantages. Either horn of the dilemma is about equally distasteful, and, as I said, the only solution lies in co-operative banking. This type has been conspicuously successful in Europe; and although its sound growth must be slow on the American continent, there is no reason why the way should not be opened by suitable legislation, so that those communities in which the co-operative ideal and spirit develop to the requisite extent may be permitted to express that ideal and that spirit in appropriate institutions. A beginning has been made in several of our provinces, in the legislation providing for rural credit societies and credit unions, and a start made federally in the same direction. I think the time is ripe for some co-ordination of these efforts under Federal auspices, as has been done in the United States. It is possible that eventually central banks may be owned and operated

by federations of local co-operative banks, as in Europe; but meanwhile it would seem wise to have a central bank established under direct Federal control, with specific duties and privileges. This would serve as a bank of issue and rediscount for all types of banks, whether local joint-stock, local co-operative, or large centralized bank with branches. As between these various types there must be a fair field and no favours, equal opportunities for all. Only thus will the fittest survive.

As I see it, then, our immediate need, so far as legislation is concerned, is the removal of all handicaps to the organization of local joint-stock or co-operative banks, including the establishment of a central bank of issue and rediscount (possibly with provincial branches) with which could be closely associated the Inspection Department now being carried on. Such a bank could be of immense service to Canada and in association with other central banks, would be able to solve effectually what has become largely an international problem—that, namely, of stabilizing the purchasing power of money. Apart from legislation, and indeed antedating a good deal of it, we need enlightenment—education, discussion, and agitation. Progress waits upon these.

## BEYOND THE MYTHS: II.

BY HARRY ELMER BARNES

(9) I regret that Professor Eastman has insisted upon pursuing the argument *ad hominem*, as it renders it necessary for me to step rather hard upon a man for whom I have much personal and professional fondness:—

A. There is nothing especially to be ashamed of for having been deceived as to the facts of war guilt in 1917, when the secret evidence was not available. Nor is it surprising that it was Professor Fay's articles which first thoroughly aroused me. He was the first to set forth the facts revealed by the recently published Austrian and German documents. The situation which is truly disgraceful is to be still (in 1927) in a state of peevish or persistent somnolence in regard to the *Kriegsschuldfrage*.

B. Professor Eastman, in common with Professors Turner, Schmitt, and Davis, resorts to the secondary and indirect mode of assault by insinuating that, whatever the conclusions in my studies of war guilt, they could not possibly be trusted because I am not a historian, but a criminologist, sociologist, psychologist, social economist, etc. Now if Professor Eastman was not aware of the facts about my academic history he could easily have acquainted himself with this relevant material by consulting the

leading biographical annuals available in Europe and America. He would then have discovered that, however many works I may have written in the field of sociology, theoretical and applied, and however unimpressive my work in the field of history, strictly speaking, I have been trained as an historian, am now an historian, and always expect to remain such. Nor does his allegation of my innocence of the history of contemporary Europe square with the facts, even those well known to Professor Eastman. During the greater part of my academic career I have offered courses in contemporary European history, and during much of the time to graduate students. That Professor Eastman once held a flatteringly high opinion of my competence here is to be discovered in the fact that he sent three of his more brilliant graduates from the University of British Columbia to study modern European history (not criminal jurisprudence or penology) with me when I was at Clark University. As all of these men were close personal friends of Professor Eastman, it can scarcely be believed that he would have cared to play a practical joke on them of such proportions as would have been involved in sending them on an 8,000 mile journey to study with an eccentric ignoramus. Further, Professor Eastman



is fully aware of my work as editor of the *Journal of International Relations*, as bibliographic editor of *Foreign Affairs* for three years, and as a student of the special problem of responsibility for the World War. This should have convinced him that I have devoted far more technical and prolonged attention to the question at issue than he would even pretend to have given to it. I frankly concede that Professor Eastman should know more about the general history of modern Europe than I do, but there is no reason to believe that he has devoted one-tenth as much time as I have to the immediate diplomatic background of the World War. Moreover, I gave the readers of my book the additional protection of having the work as a whole read in advance of publication by Professor W. L. Langer, who has a more precise knowledge of European diplomatic history than Professor Eastman would even care to possess, while each chapter was read by one or more of the foremost specialists in America on the particular field. Having read my book, Professor Eastman knows, from the announcement of the 'Ten Years: 1905-1915' on the cover of the *Genesis of the World War*, that it was not intended to be a general diplomatic history of Europe during these years, but merely an expansion of my chapter on the part of Sir Edward Grey and England in bringing about the crisis of 1914, a task which can now be abandoned with pleasure and assurance since the appearance of the magisterial work of Herman Lutz on this subject.

(10) Professor Eastman refers light-heartedly to the numerous errors and the 'regrettable lacunae and misinterpretations' which occur in my book, but he fails to specify what these are. My book, even in its first edition, was criticized in detail this summer by a group of a dozen of the foremost authorities on war guilt from all over Europe, was read in detail by Max Montgelas and Professor Beazley, and has been subjected to many critical reviews, yet only three errors of fact have been detected: one concerning the Germans and the resignation of Delcassé, one referring to the distribution of Russian troops in 1914 against Germany and Austria, and the third bearing on the relation between the German declaration of a state of imminent war and the French order for general mobilization. There are, of course, many debatable points relative to emphasis and interpretations in the book. Yet I believe that there is not more than one important interpretation or generalization which is open to any serious challenge, namely, the question of whether France and Russia were plotting to precipitate a crisis or were merely awaiting a convenient crisis for the precipitation of the European war. But this has little bearing upon the guilt of France and Russia in 1914, and even so judicial a writer as Lowes Dickinson holds that Russia would, in all probability, have precipitated war by 1916. All

the important documentary and monographic material which has appeared in the last year has served to confirm the facts and interpretations advanced in the book. It should be made clear, however, that I do not personally take the credit for what I believe to be the essential trustworthiness of the book, but gladly assign the responsibility to the highly competent and long-suffering scholars who read my material in copy and proofs.

(11) If my book were as full of errors and misinterpretations as Professor Eastman insinuates, it should have been easy for critical reviewers to have demolished it directly point by point. Yet, it is no exaggeration to say that there has not been a single hostile review of the book which has not been trivial, disingenuous, or both. Mr. Lowes Dickinson, in the *New Republic*, declared the book to be 'counter-propaganda', but he was unable to bring forward any cogent evidence to support his view, and showed himself to be merely piqued because I did not regard Grey as a shining angel of light with a record for veracity and integrity surpassing even that of the traditional George Washington. By quoting from Mr. Dickinson's own conclusions I was able to show that, point by point, he was in absolute agreement with the conclusions in my own book. J. W. Headlam-Morley, official historian and propagandist of the British Foreign Office, attempted to destroy me in the *London Observer*. He rested satisfied with an attack upon my treatment of the Belgian issue, taking himself a position opposed not only to the English statesmen who faced the issue—Palmerston, Derby, Gladstone, and Salisbury—but also to the leading British authorities—Loreburn, Gooch, Beazley, and Ewart. He then wiped me off the map with the general statement that the remainder of the book was as bad as the treatment of the Belgian problem, a verdict with which I heartily agree. Subsequently, in the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Headlam-Morley disposed of me merely by stating that he has demonstrated the worthlessness of my book in the *Observer*. The reviewer in the *London Times* was equally careful not to grapple with any of the basic issues in the book, but contented himself with a disingenuous reference to my characterization of the *Livre Noir*, with a criticism of my failure to define carefully the progress in Russia's aspirations for the Straits (really a point in favour of my thesis), and with the assertion that most of my important charges against the Entente were based upon such secondary French writers as Dupin and Morhardt. He evidently trusted to the hope and probability that few of his readers did or ever would consult either the *Livre Noir* or my book, and in the latter discover that I have never quoted Dupin or Morhardt except for the purpose of emphasizing points, for the establishment of which I relied upon the original sources. Professor

Schmitt, in *Foreign Affairs* (American), flayed me vigorously for five pages, but failed to bring to the surface more than one minor error, and in referring to this he was as wide of the truth as myself. I pointed out at length in the *Progressive* for December 1, 1926, that but a few months earlier Professor Schmitt had publicly declared himself in essential agreement with the facts and conclusions set forth in my book and read in advance at our Chicago debate in April, 1926. He differed only with respect to the myth which he and Heinrich Kanner have concocted regarding the alleged plot laid by Moltke and Conrad in 1909, and pulled off in 1914. Professor Fay, in the *American Historical Review* for January, 1927, and Count Montgelas, in the *Revue de Hongrie* for November 15, 1926, have absolutely demolished this Schmitt-Kanner Myth as easily as Professor Fay earlier levelled the Morgenthau Myth concerning the Potsdam Conference. Professor Slosson, in the *American Historical Review*, relies almost exclusively upon insinuations and hypotheses, except for a charge that I am ignorant of the history of European nationalism, which happens to be the subject in European political and cultural history to which I have given the most attention. He proves his own competence in these fields by comparing the primitive Serbian plotting and intrigues with Italian nationalism under Mazzini, and by questioning the assertion that the Russian general mobilization rendered war inevitable unless suspended!

(12) With reference to Professor Eastman's assertion that reparations antedated the Treaty of Versailles by fifteen months, I would remind him that I am referring to the actual reparations included in the Treaty and not some hypothetically ideal system of reparations which would be assented to by the Germans as well as by Professor Eastman and myself. Germany freely agreed to pay for the restoration of Belgium and France. Further, it would be hard for Professor Eastman to show that Germany has not already paid enough to reimburse Belgium and France. Again, Germany could demonstrate that the detestable and utterly indefensible Allied blockade of Germany after the Armistice, and the French occupation of the Ruhr in violation of the Treaty of Versailles, caused almost as much damage as the German occupation of France and Belgium and should be taken into account in any reparations scheme. If the Dawes Plan is designed, as Professor Eastman states, solely to provide for the reimbursement of France and Belgium, why has there not been some computation of what is due France and Belgium on this score and the specific payments then indicated on this basis? We agree with Professor Eastman as to the excellence of Article 15 of the Geneva Protocol, but we note that Professor Eastman does not dilate upon just how this would work out now if applied to the situation

which existed in 1914. The Entente has never been willing to reopen the reparations issue on the basis of the facts of war guilt or of the actual expenses involved in the rehabilitation of Belgium and France.

(13) I am not aware of having ranted against England, and I find that my views on war guilt are most enthusiastically shared by those groups in England whose economic, social, and political philosophy conforms most closely to that shared by Professor Eastman and myself. What I meant, in referring to the lack of 'international honesty and decency', was the British unwillingness and failure to renounce the war-guilt lie which he 'sold' to America in the manner so blithely described by Sir Gilbert Parker in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1918. The plant of Locarno can never flourish in the pot of Crewe House or of Versailles!

(14) As for the League of Nations and the problem of war guilt, if the League suffers as a result of the progress of truth in regard to war responsibility, then suffer it must. The supporters of the League of Nations, among whom I number myself, must reckon with Demartial's indictment formulated on page 696 of my book, and the confidence of the sceptical will not be advanced by placing Serbians in prominent positions in the League. We believe, however, that the truth about war guilt should ultimately prove helpful to the protagonists of the League, if the latter honestly face the realities in the circumstances. The American who is, perhaps, the foremost supporter of the League in this country has always generously supported my studies in war guilt and has never questioned the sincerity or value of my work on the question of responsibility for the World War. Further, we might remind Professor Eastman and others at Geneva that the League opponents are given much more ammunition by such scandals as those in the disarmament situation, revealed so thoroughly by Count Montgelas in *Foreign Affairs* (English) for August, 1926, and in *Hochland* for January, 1927, than they are by any writers on war guilt.

(15) World peace and international co-operation will not be found 'with the myths' or 'between the myths'. They can only be achieved in that world of reality and understanding which lies *beyond the myths*.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is edited by a committee composed of the following members:

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## BOUNDARY DISPUTES

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

As two of your contributors are having a heated discussion on the question 'When is a myth not a myth', may I also take a shot at an older myth which raises its aged head in the article in your April number by my friend Professor Norman MacKenzie on 'The Labrador Boundary Decision'.

Professor MacKenzie resurrects the chimaera that Great Britain played a poor game at the international bridge table in the Ashburton and Alaska Boundary negotiations, and that Canada thus lost portions of territory which more skilful playing might have won for her. This is a hydra whose heads have been often lopped; may I try once again?

**THE ASHBURTON TREATY:** When in 1783 the independence was recognized of the American State of Massachusetts (which then included Maine), the Americans naturally demanded, and naturally obtained, the boundary line which Great Britain had always claimed for them in her earlier struggles against the French in Canada. Of the tooth which thus projected so far into Quebec, Lord Ashburton's skill regained for us about 5,000 square miles. An interesting fact not usually known is that when the territory thus won by him came to be divided between Quebec and New Brunswick, the officials appointed were compelled to report that there was part of it 'which according to the strict legal rights of the two parties belonged to neither'.

**THE ALASKA BOUNDARY:** It is most misleading to say, as Professor MacKenzie does, that 'in 1903 hundreds of miles of the hinterland of British Columbia and the whole of the Yukon was shut off from the sea by the casting vote of an English arbitrator in the Alaska Boundary Award'. The facts are that in this, the main issue, we had practically no case, and that the Canadian arbitrators would have been compelled to admit it, but that at the last moment Lord Alverstone gave them a chance for which they must have blessed him in their hearts if not in public. A mixture of political timidity and bad manners led him to make a secret agreement with the American arbitrators about two trumpery little islands. This enabled our arbitrators with perfect propriety to refuse to sign the whole verdict, and generally to kick up such a dust about his bad behaviour that to this day the people of Canada do not realize that on the main issue the facts of history left us with practically no case.

My chief reason for approving of the appointment of a Canadian Minister to Washington, and for hoping that such appointments to other capitals will be made as occasion arises, is that then, and apparently not till then, will we Canadians get rid of the feeling that our losses in the past were due to the unskilful playing of the cards by the Mother Country, instead of—as was really the case—to the lack of trumps in the hand.

Yours, etc.,

W. L. GRANT.

## THE SEA CATHEDRAL

Vast and immaculate! no pilgrim bands,  
In ecstasy before the Parian shrines,  
Knew such a temple built by human hands,  
With this transcendent rhythm in its lines.  
Like an epic on the North Atlantic stream  
It moved,—and fairer than a Phidian dream.

Rich gifts unknown to kings were duly brought,  
At dawn and sunset and at cloudless noons,  
Gifts from the sea-gods and the sun who wrought  
Cascades and rainbows; flung them in festoons  
Over the spires, with emerald, amethyst,  
Sapphire and pearl out of their fiery mist.

And music followed when a litany,  
Begun with the ring of foam bells and the purl  
Of linguals as the edges cut the sea,  
Crashed upon a rising storm, with whirl  
Of flocs from distant spaces where Death rides  
The darkened belfries of the evening tides.

Within the sunlight,—vast, immaculate!  
Beyond all reach of earth in majesty,  
It passed on southward slowly to its fate,—  
To be drawn down by the inveterate sea,  
Without one chastening fire made to start  
From altars built around its polar heart.

E. J. PRATT.

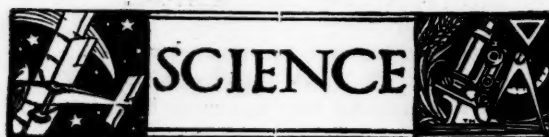
## APRIL MORNING

LIFE has a happy tune,  
This April hour,  
On this soft street all white  
With morning snow;  
The grackles creak and screech,  
A robin shakes  
The cedar snows about him  
Twittering there.  
On the white tufted boughs  
Of the tall birch,  
A gay song-sparrow flings  
His airy notes  
Against the dull piano's  
Murmuring,  
Blended with softened scrape  
Of shoveled snow.

Life has a happy tune  
And my heart lifts  
With certainty of good,  
Joining the song.

J. MACD.





### A PHILOSOPHY FOR SCIENTISTS\*

FOR more than two hundred years there has been an unbridged gap in thought between the material and spiritual worlds. Especially since the time of Newton, science has taken charge of the material side while philosophy proper has been almost forcibly left to the ethical and aesthetic aspects. As physical science developed and the laws of the conservation and degradation of energy were formulated, scientific thought was shaped into a thorough-going mechanistic philosophy of the universe. The great impetus given to biology by Darwin did not change this philosophy; the main stream of mechanistic philosophy absorbed evolution as a tributary and the biological element did not even tinge the subsequent colour of its waters. Geology hastened to put its seal on the adequacy and infallibility of the physicist's interpretation of the universe; physiology followed suit, and behaviouristic psychology is its playing partner. The latter part of the nineteenth century was indeed a barren patch in scientific thought. On its desert remained the single voice of Samuel Butler, amongst those interested in science, protesting in rage that mind was being 'pitchforked out of the universe'.

We are at present in a greater intellectual reformation than has occurred for centuries. The attack on the old conceptions is coming from both the scientific and philosophic sides. It is not a matter of compromise or toleration for different points of view. No system of thought will be immune to it. Religion will not survive on the sanctity of territory principle, although the case for religion in the present system is stronger than it has been for ages; but the opportunity can only be grasped by a courageous adjustment of old beliefs to fit new knowledge.

On the scientific side, the change in view is not on matters of detail but in essentials. The very foundations of physical science, which even Kant thought to have been laid permanently by Newton, have been shaken. The nature of scientific fact, the meaning of scientific law, and, in short, the whole basis of scientific knowledge have been recently examined, notably by Einstein, Eddington, Russell, and Whitehead, and the crude mechanistic philosophy has not only received a shock, but has been demolished. This does not mean that the principles of mechanism are not still true under certain conditions, but merely

that they are neither fundamental nor adequate even in the material world.

The change in the biological sciences has been of the same kind. Evolution was born with Darwin in the mould of a mechanistic science. It was not firmly set in that mould, however, until the Neo-Darwinians consolidated it. For although Darwin regarded Natural Selection as the great factor in evolution, as it was the obvious one in the animate world, he still left open the possibility—for Darwin was a cautious man—of Variation, including adaptation, and inheritance of such adaptation, of the organism to its surroundings.

Bergson first seriously showed the inadequacy of the doctrine of evolution at the beginning of this century. He, however, was a philosopher, and on that account alone was mistrusted by the biological scientists. Moreover, some of his biological facts were not quite accurate.

In recent years, however, there has developed at least a tolerance for the contention that we cannot simply close our eyes to the phenomenon of life and its manifestations. But until about two years ago, no systematic attempt had been made to reinterpret, in the light of modern knowledge, a universe which contains both mind and matter. One of these philosophies is that now known as Emergent Evolution, developed by Lloyd Morgan, and the other is the Holistic philosophy of General Smuts, now under review.

The present book of General Smuts must command the attention of philosophers and scientists alike. The author's appreciation of the scientific point of view is, perhaps, best conveyed in the following quotation, p. 121:

The temptation is very strong for investigators when they approach the domains of life and mind, so different apparently from that of physical science, to abandon the scientific categories of research for philosophical categories, and to seek for an explanation of the phenomena of life in concepts which sound strange and alien to science. No wonder that most biologists, frightened by this procedure and by this appeal to ideas and methods of which they are traditionally suspicious, react in the opposite direction, and seek refuge in purely mechanical ideas and explanations of the phenomena of life. At first sight the concept of the whole may appear to wear a metaphysical garb; but whatever its occasional use in other connections, the intention here is to eschew metaphysics and to hammer out a concept which will supply a real and deeply-felt want in the explanation of organic processes, and which will at the same time give expression to the natural affiliations of the phenomena of life with those of matter on the one hand and of mind on the other.

It is legitimate and instructive to set alongside this quotation the following, p. 157:

The radical mistake made by both science and popular opinion is the severance of an indivisible whole into two interacting entities or substances, the view of life and mind as separate entities from the body. . . . Thought fails to understand how the immaterial entity or force of life can influence a physico-chemical structure which obeys simply and solely the laws of energy. And yet we see the phenomenon in a living organism all the time before our

\*HOLISM AND EVOLUTION, by General the Right Hon. J. C. Smuts, (The Macmillan Co. of Canada; pp. 366; \$5.00).

eyes. It seems inevitable that our experience must be right and our categories of thought must be wrong or inadequate, and that the insoluble puzzles which arise must be due to a misreading of the facts.

In these two quotations we have the essence of the Holistic philosophy. There is a synthetic tendency in the universe towards the production of wholes, from the typical inorganic whole, the atom, to the organic wholes, the cell, mind, and personality, progressively. Holism contains, of course, the Bergsonian idea of creative evolution, but is more comprehensive and differs apparently in certain fundamental details. It is closely akin to the recent philosophy of Lloyd Morgan, known as Emergent Evolution; but, as contrasted with Lloyd Morgan, Smuts is not concerned so much with emergence as with the wholes which produce the emergence, and also finally leaves his universe as a complex pattern of wholes knit together by their 'fields', closely analogous to magnetic fields, instead of reducing it as Lloyd Morgan does to 'animata'. Nor will Smuts have any presiding deity in his universe; it develops itself!

The assumption of the Whole, by Smuts, is defended on the grounds of necessity—a necessity to which the strictest scientist cannot object. It is a more needed assumption than was even that of ether, a postulate not questioned by the most rigid scientists before Einstein. 'A whole is not a *tertium quid* over and above the parts which compose it; it is these parts in their intimate union and the new reactions and functions which result from that union.' Granted the indispensability of the conception, explanation becomes easy where before it was difficult or impossible. The description of the parts of an organism, or the elucidation of its mechanism may be all very useful, but without synthesis, or the conception of the organ-

ism as a whole, the most obvious reality, the organism, has been overlooked. The representation of the organism is presumably the artist's business, but we have to await the promised applications of Holism before venturing so far.

The main weakness of the book, we think, is the apparent failure of its author to recognize the bounds of science. To the scientist as scientist, or the biologist as biologist, the mechanistic assumption is the only valid and only useful one. Organisms have to be investigated without the assumption of life, not just because physical science is in vogue, but because science simply cannot cope with life. From this point of view the whole history of mechanistic science, even in biology, is quite justifiable. The position is quite different, however, when the scientist poses as philosopher. From this point of view the implications of post-Darwinian biology are already a joke in the history of thought.

It is from the same weakness that Smuts recommends the institution of a new *science* of Personology. With the profoundest respect for his study of Personality as a Whole, we cannot but feel that Personology, based even on chosen biographies, could not but be a woolly branch of science.

It is a fascinating and ingenious philosophy, and if the conception of the whole can be defended as a necessary postulate, it will serve to link up the mechanistic views of the past two centuries with the ethical and aesthetic aspects to which philosophy proper has for the same period exclusively confined itself. If it can do that, and the present book is said by its author to be only an introduction, then it is an epoch-making philosophy.

GEORGE HUNTER.

## MODERN ART AND AESTHETIC REACTIONS

*The International Exhibition of Modern Art which was displayed at the Toronto Art Gallery during April created something of a flutter in Art circles. It occasioned some approval and a great deal of criticism. Most people who have seen the pictures have probably formed their own judgments, but for the benefit of the few who came away genuinely puzzled, and also for the wide circle of readers who have not been able to see the collection, we have obtained the following two articles which present both sides of the case.—EDITOR, THE CANADIAN FORUM.*

### AN APPRECIATION

By LAWREN HARRIS

EVERY large municipal art gallery on this continent was offered the more or less extreme exhibition of modern art which hung in the Toronto Art Gallery during April. Three out of the forty odd galleries accepted the exhibition. They were the Brooklyn Museum of Art, the Albright Art Gallery of Buffalo, and the Toronto Art Gallery. These three galleries accepted the exhibition believing that they should present to their public all authentic phases of artistic endeavour and permit the public itself to judge the pictures.

The pictures were gathered from twenty-two different countries, twenty of them European, and they embodied so many different directions and ideas, and these were in some instances so new to us and gave rise to so much speculation, that any summary is made difficult.

The idiom of the pictures being different from the accepted idioms of the past and present created at first sight the impression of sameness, but the oftener one visited the exhibition, the more diversified it became, until nearly every picture separated itself into

its own unique embodiment of idea. Indeed, I doubt if any exhibition we have had ever displayed such a wealth of ideas, or so much real adventuring, or so large a proportion of stimulating and profound works. One rarely questioned the design of the pictures, the rhythm, balance, and organization, or the technique. These were generally of such a high order that the spectator was completely freed to live in and experience their spirit. A few pictures contained ideas that were slight and some seemed purely explorations into new ways of seeing. Indeed, most of the pictures required of the spectator a new way of seeing. Here was the difficulty for most people. They could not adjust themselves to a new way of seeing and without this adjustment the pictures naturally seemed meaningless, bizarre, even ugly. But when one had become familiar with their visual idiom, a new, clear and thrilling communication came from the walls of the gallery: the place was alive with a clean-coloured pristine life.

Here we had almost a new medium of expression, not supplanting any medium but adding another means of expression to the older ones. The idiom is too new, is still too much in the experimental stages to look for but a few devotional works. The range of ideas it is suited to may synchronize with a new idea of devotion peculiar to the coming generations. That to us now its appearance is mechanistic says nothing. Behind and within, and yet an integral part of this appearance, is a life peculiarly moving and containing its own possibilities of devotional expression perhaps as great as any we have had.

Most of the pictures were abstract. These could be divided as coming from two sources. One half of them from naturalistic sources wherein the more abstract and lasting qualities of design, movement, rhythm, equilibrium, spatial relationship, light, and order were extricated from the fleeting aspects of a scene or scenes to suggest its informing, persisting life. The other half, and in the main the most convincing pictures, were directly created from an inner seeing and conveyed a sense of order in a purged, pervading vitality that was positively spiritual. Many of these abstractions appeared flat at the first seeing, but with contemplation or sometimes in an unguarded moment, they unfolded in space and became absolute within their frames; that is, by no power of sight or thinking could any plane, colour, or surface be shifted from its exact place in space, and though the boundary lines of the planes were as sharp and precise as a knife edge the space was soft and palpable. Some of the abstractions yielded the experience of infinite space between flat shapes only a few inches apart. Again, they could be viewed as an indication in aesthetic terms of the trend of scientific thought.

There were other pictures that, by a peculiar relationship of concrete objects and by rendering trans-

parent some of their planes, sought to give the experience of the unreality of appearances. Others portrayed the unreality of dreams. Still other works by distortion and unnaturalistic use of colour achieved bold and immense relations that almost became devices expressive of the outlook and life of a whole people.

The exhibition proved rather a treat to most people. Many were angered, many resorted to ridicule; but some remained to contemplate truly; and, while no one could quite accept all the pictures, nevertheless they had many new and illuminating experiences.

Perhaps if we deal with some reactions and misconceptions which the pictures induced, we may convey a clearer idea of their scope and trend.

The works that were direct creations of abstract arrangements appeared to most people like charts, as if they were arrived at by mathematical calculation or by the use of the engineering draughtsman's instruments. In reality they were achieved by a precision and concentration of feeling so fine that on the emotional gamut they parallel the calculations of higher mathematics. But, they remain emotional, living works, and were therefore capable of inspiring lofty experiences; one almost saw spiritual ideas, crystal clear, powerful, and poised.

Again, if these pictures were compared to other and accepted works they appeared eccentric. But if one accepted their idiom and lived in the pictures—as one must to know and experience any art—one found scarcely an eccentricity in the whole exhibition. Within their idiom they were logical, ordered—some few almost magical in their arrangement.

The idea which many onlookers acquired that painting should confine itself to native moods or to various interpretations and not be metaphysical, mystic, or psychological, or express pure abstract ideas is certainly an arbitrary one. Surely one may express any conceivable idea, trend, thought, or experience so long as the form of its expression and the idea are appropriate the one to the other.

Also the notion that any child can create such pure abstractions, that they are haphazard fantasies, is quite erroneous. Children create a different kind of expression. Only long time, much brooding and hard work, through almost endless study and penetration into the ephemerality of nature will lead to a classification that has the high resonance of spiritual reality. Exactness indeed is the way, demanding an austerity few laymen and none of the looser variety of artists are aware of.

Many people deeply interested in the future of Canadian Art feared that the direction shown in the exhibition might lure some Canadian artists from their path. That seems very unlikely. While the exhibition did stimulate creative thought and emotion and opened new and thrilling vistas, it would be almost impossible now for any real Canadian artist to imitate



any European artist. Our way is not that of Europe, and, when we evolve abstractions, the approach, direction, and spirit will be somewhat different. Furthermore, the exhibition has enlarged the vision of many of our people, has awakened them to a greater range of ideas and new possibilities of expression and has thus enlarged the eliciting audience for our artists. This should keep them true to their own path and help clarify their particular direction.

The pictures did not soothe the complacencies, nor were they what is called primitive, nor were they merely clever. They were alive with vital ideas, with the power and austerity of true discovery and the largeness of outlook necessary to real adventure. There were a few works so purged of all smallness, vagueness, and sentimentality, so pure and elevated, that they acted on some individuals as saints do on the gross-minded; that is they stirred the odorous sediment of resentment into angry eruption and this erupted unpleasantness was, as usual, attributed to the pictures.

Also the pictures were derided because they were difficult and it was said that the test of a new art is how far it conveys a message to the spectator. This is too general a statement to have any meaning. Every new development in the arts has had a handful of adherents merely, and hosts of opponents. This is ever the test. If it has sufficient vitality, inner life to withstand the repugnance and recrimination of the conservatives, it persists, and the temporary fuss and animosity subside. If it has no real life but is the product of cheapness or conceit, it disappears. The truth is that works of art test the spectator much more than the spectator tests them. Great art is never kept alive by the masses of men, but by the perceiving, by those who are sufficiently affected to bother about it. It is in the vanguard of life not in the main body.

It is surely a commonplace that the established order of any pursuit, the priests and profiteers of the accepted, and the unperceiving masses of men, do not like to be disturbed. They even resent it and will resort to vilification or ridicule to waylay any vital new manifestation that seems to threaten their comfort or their peace of mind. Whereas complacency plays no part in the life of creative individuals; the urge of spirit is too active in them. And does not the evolution of man result from the friction of these two forces? The one negative, acquisitive, unseeing, and conserving; the other positive, adventurous, and intuitive; and are not they dependent on each other for life?

### AN OBJECTION

BY FRANZ JOHNSTON

HAVING heard a great deal of argument both for and against the exhibit now in the Art Gallery of Toronto, the writer finally decided to see for himself. He went, he saw, and was conquered. Out-

side the sky was clear and the air fresh and invigorating, which sent the writer in a happy state and with an open mind to see the collection. One of the most interesting things was Erika Klien's *Abstraction* (1). This really looked as if the man had something in mind, and felt better for being rid of it. It suggested the effect one sees when a motion picture projector fails to synchronize, and the result is an almost intelligible blur. Gutfreund's sculpture (10 and 11) looked like heroic German toys, not so good as some possessed at one time by the writer. Arp's wood sculpture is a sheer piece of hokum. Braque's *Still Life* is sickening even to one with a good strong stomach. Cahn's *Composition* (19), should be entitled 'Decomposition'. By this time my bright spirits were somewhat slackened, and I was finding it would be a job to go through with it; but I did. Metzinger's *Port* is like a child's drawing through a sophisticated mind. Picabia's *Peinture du Midi* (26) at least is obvious as to what its intention is; but why? Valmier's *Abstract Forms* (31) is a piece or rather several pieces of unadulterated rot that is as abstract as the odor from decaying garbage. Villon's *Jockeys* (32) suggests an interior view of what a rider's stomach must look and feel like during the most intense motion, while on a fleeing horse with a rough spine. Baumeister's *Wall Decoration* could be no decoration to any wall, at least not on ours. Campendoul's *Red Cat* (46) is that, but why in Heaven's name some people, otherwise intelligent, rave over the alleged metaphysics, clarifications, and abstractions supposed to be in these abortions in paint is beyond the writer—thank God. *The Forest* by Ernst (47) looks, and I believe is, done in the same way that one takes a rubbing of an old coin or a piece of embossing, only in this case it was a rough sawn board and some small chicken wire. I prefer trees that rustle in the wind and show beautiful sky patterns through their foliage. Both of Marc's pictures (54 and 55) are sad. Sadly enough, one has 'Sold' marked on it. Both the picture and the purchaser. I hope Molzohn's *Physico-Mechanical Parallels* (58) has not mental parallels. Schwitler's *Radiation* (61) suggests that a little radiation might be had from it if it were placed in the furnace. It is dirty in colour, absurd in arrangement, and anyone who sees a single solitary glimmer of art in it is hypnotizing himself, and I hope he does not 'come to' while in front of it. Mondrian's *Clarifications* would be much clearer if the canvases had been left entirely blank. A piece of clean glass would be much more significant and certainly more highly organized.

But why go on? The whole show is not one that should be seen by young art students, at least they should not be told it is great, because mind is ordered, clean, and reasonable in its original state. I am confident that most of the creatures that perpetrated these monstrosities have 'leprous brains', if any. These

people who do these things are more dangerous than many incarcerated in asylums for the insane, many of whom at least are cheerful in their dementia. *The Eye of God* by Burlink (112) is but an enlarged section of the ocular cavity of the skull with the skin removed from a diseased face. The Eye of God! God help the perpetrator! It is really a waste of valuable space to talk about these things that are like so many things a feeble-minded child would draw, seeing all sorts of mystery and marvels in his work that an alert, clear-

thinking, energetic brain might be sympathetic towards but hope the child might die. Before closing I would like to ask that anyone visiting this exhibit should look at Zorach's *Portrait* and therein they will see the answer to the whole exhibit. The very people in Toronto who are raving about the esoteric qualities in these works are those who raise the greatest 'hullabaloo' when a side-show shows physical abortions and freaks of nature. Then why in the name of common-sense and fair-mindedness endorse these mental miscarriages?

## ELMER GANTRY\*

BY GILBERT NORWOOD

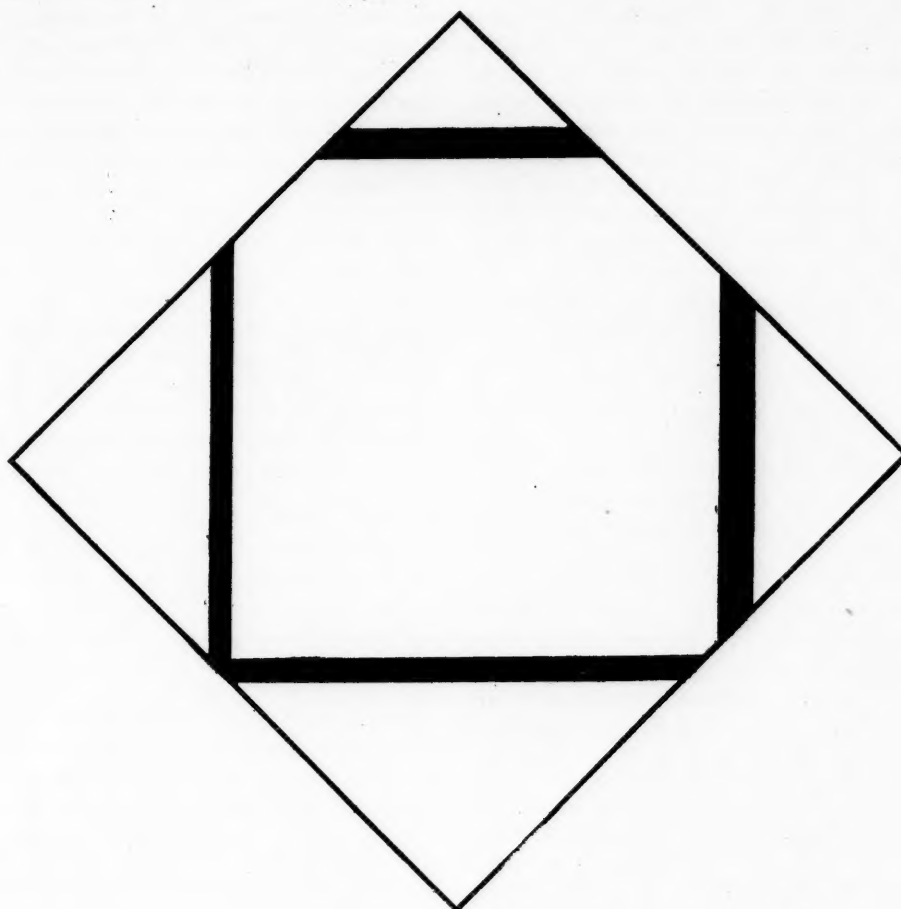
ONE serious objection to novels that are, or appear to be, propagandist—'novels with a purpose'—is that the purpose acts upon readers as a magnet underneath a card acts upon filings scattered over its surface, producing a very definite but curious grouping and direction of attention, judgment, final opinion. Many a Christian will thoroughly enjoy this book and yet condemn it, many an agnostic who could not finish *The Trail of the Hawk* will devour its latest successor merely because hard knocks are inflicted on beliefs which annoy him. The novel with a purpose, like the drama of ideas, is full of red herrings. Let me then set down, not what I think I ought to think about this book, but what I actually admire most.

That is undoubtedly the picture of Gantry himself. Fool, snob, ignoramus, brute, cad, hypocrite—he is all these things most richly, but he remains entirely credible. Gantry is like me—quite sufficiently like me to make me every now and again look up from the page and stare pensively at the wall. That is a fine achievement; for when I said 'like me' it was only politeness that caused me to omit 'and the rest of us': our terrible proneness to forgive ourselves easily, to suppose that we are progressing in virtue and loving-kindness when we are merely surrendering to an emotional atmosphere, to compound for our sins by lashing them in other people—all these immoralities are here painted with colossal strokes. Mr. Lewis has created a real person, a striking fictional portrait—not as wonderful as Falstaff or Micawber, but quite comparable to Sir Willoughby Patterne. No doubt Gantry is more sinful than most of us, but he is no caricature. The danger that stood at Mr. Lewis' elbow was great as well as obvious. How easy to draw up a 'scathing indictment'—to present us with a latter-day Stiggins! Literature is encumbered with these foolish bogey-men, foolish because incredible. The difference between them and Mr. Lewis' hero appears from one sim-

ple test. We can easily imagine (and indeed are often told) what Elmer Gantry is really thinking; can we imagine what Tartuffe or Pecksniff is really thinking? Let me not attempt a dull *résumé* of Gantry's career; by this time his story must be well-known—the story of a man who with no virtue, no intellect, no ideas, contrives to become a dominant figure in the religious life of the United States. He unscrupulously tramples down all actual or possible rivals; he seduces women not only continually but continuously. His one asset, in addition to a fine voice, is personality—a coarse, bluff, attractive vigour which is in itself a splendid thing: at any rate it gives him a quenchless zest for life and enables him to get things done. He is a positive, not a negative, character. Mr. Lewis has shown admirable skill in causing us not only to see Gantry but also to understand him, indeed to sympathize with him so far as one can sympathize with an utter black-guard; for every reader (I am sure) felt sorry, not glad, when Gantry found himself at the mercy of blackmailers.

In all this lies no direct condemnation of the Christian Church. Gantry in himself is an exposure not of current Christianity but of America—the child of an age enslaved to abstract nouns, wearing itself out in the search after a cheap but reliable substitute for thought, worshipping methods and neglecting aims, feeding on large fluffy words which have lost all connection with things, and skimble-skamble theories which have lost all connection with conduct. Gantry is the fine flower of Western vulgarity, not in particular of Western Christianity: he would have been no better, no worse, had fate made him a politician or a merchant. Observe that episode of his life as a Higher Thought charlatan, where so far from preaching utter reliance upon Another he urges cultivation of the *ego*; amid this apparently abysmal change Gantry is exactly the same as ever. And it is by no means clear that he does more harm than good as a minister. As a man, no doubt he deserves all the hells in the next world and all the floggings in this which outraged

\*ELMER GANTRY, by Sinclair Lewis (McLeod, pp.432; \$2.50).



## CLARIFICATION I.

AFTER A PICTURE BY MONDRIAN

Shown in the International Exhibition of Modern Art at the Toronto Art Gallery

'The simplicity of this painting is so great that many people fail to realize the beauty of the choice of both the black and white, as related to each other, or the thousands of shades one could choose from. So delicate is this relationship, and the variations of its lines, that only a master could conceive and render it.'—THE CATALOGUE of the SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME EXHIBITION.



theology and ethics may choose to prescribe; but, amid the hideous delinquency which Mr. Lewis depicts, Gantry in his public life is more useful than not. Only one evil act can I remember—his brutal vice-crusade (pp. 345-358). On the other side, consider how many lives he filled with some gleam of brightness, some fortitude, however unfounded. It is little use to reply that he confirmed people in ideas which you or I may think pernicious. One can preach to mites only in terms of cheese. What the majority of people wish is to be preached out of a sense of their own futility, to be consoled by gaudy raptures in prospect for the abject present which they are too poor, or too stupid, or too self-indulgent to alter. Offer them great things and they turn them into ignoble things, translating music into jazz, pictorial art into comic-strips, romance into the movies, athletics into gladiator-worship, religion into the church-life of Zenith. Elmer Gantry does good in the only way wherein good can by him be done.

So that his amazing corruption, his almost supernatural lack of self-understanding, that colossal hypocrisy of which he himself is the first victim, constitute no attack upon the American Pastor as such. That kind of thing has been done superbly, with far more pungent irony, in Harold Frederic's *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, published in England as *Illumination*. (This latter appeared in 1896, and if both this and *Elmer Gantry* are to be taken as true, how hideously American culture has deteriorated in thirty years!) The only semblance of an indictment is the repeated phrase 'Professional Good Man', Mr. Lewis' point, of course, being that the Churches make a sad mistake in appointing official pastors—men who, instead of leading Christian lives as surgeons or clerks make Christianity their actual 'job', which tempts them to pedantries, affectations, and humbug. This is a perfectly tenable position, and in fact the objection to priesthood as a profession is vastly older than Mr. Lewis or the United States or indeed Christianity: you may find it in Homer. Even so, we have still no satire upon the pastor himself, only upon his false position: the novel shows us preachers of every grade of sincerity and virtue, from Andrew Pengilly the saint, through Shallard the good man tortured by doubt, Toomis the well-meaning silly bishop, Judson Roberts the breezy booster for whom religion is a department of the Y.M.C.A., Sharon Falconer the icbrile evangelist, down to Gantry himself. In fact, the only definite reproach brought against the ministry is an apparently universal lack of biblical scholarship.

But trenchant criticism there is—of Christianity itself in its contemporary doctrinal forms; and here Mr. Lewis has scarcely anything new to say. He is unwise enough to give us that crude old gibe (p. 236): 'the Maker of a universe with stars a hundred thou-

and light-years apart was interested, furious, and very personal about it if a small boy played football on Sunday afternoon'. It is only putting one superstition in place of another to imagine God overawed by astronomical mathematics like the reader of a popular encyclopædia. If a mortal who controls an empire can be concerned about the health of his canary, how should the stars prevent God from being interested in the small boy? Much more effective is the demonstration that fashionable belief is so nebulous that it can feed on any fare. Elmer Gantry's first sermon is taken by him (in a dearth of original ideas) from a lecture of Ingersoll the rationalist; and that purple patch about Love, 'the A.M. and P.M. star', reappears at his sublimest moments. Mr. Lewis' most terrible blow, however, is the suggestion that popular Christianity is to some souls not merely no help, but actually a poison: it lays them more open to evil. Lulu Baines is easier to seduce because of the 'religious' conditions in which she meets Elmer. Sharon Falconer commits readily the sins against which she directs her fervent eloquence in public, because (says she) her communion with the Divine exalts her so high that these things are not sins in her. But what will cause most surprise is Mr. Lewis' frontal attack on the inmost citadel. Your ordinary opponent of Christianity takes the line that modern Christians fail because they diverge so terribly from the instructions and example of a perfect Master. But this author, with a candour and a boldness which one cannot but admire, directs his shafts at the very core. In the mouth of Shallard he puts the words (p. 377): 'I'm appalled to see I don't find Jesus an especially admirable character'. Then follows a passage too long to quote and probably well-known by this time. Even this discussion, however, is not new: the economics of Jesus and most of Shallard's diatribe are to be found in the preface to Mr. Shaw's *Androcles*.

But *Elmer Gantry* is no more a propagandist assault upon Christianity than *Martin Arrowsmith* is an assault upon scientific research or *Babbitt* upon commerce. It is another study of a striking American life and character set against a background, satirically painted, of American brassiness and blighting standardization. Even Shallard's outburst need not be taken as a trumpet-blast of the author's own—though he does probably mean it himself. This is an excellent novel, but decidedly not great. One misses that magnificent epic sweep which marked *Martin Arrowsmith* and (still more) *The Trail of the Hawk*. In those books the whole of America heaved and quivered into life; here, instead of such vitalized geography, we find a catalogue of towns and a procession of persons, not a nation. The deftness is here, and the observation; the magic has departed. Mr. Lewis often reminds one of Mr. Wells: this time he has given us a

*Joan and Peter* rather than a *New Machiavelli*. But a good book it is, distinctly good as a work of art. And as for the controversial side, we shall err absurdly if we call it subversive. At least one reviewer has accused it of eroticism: that is ridiculous. Frequent as are Gantry's amours, there is no tinge of lubricity—in fact Mr. Lewis has been almost too careful not to offend; at any rate it is possible to be uncertain about the relations between Gantry and Sharon Falconer. Another critic invited the police to ban this work on the score of blasphemy. That was meant, let us hope, as a sarcasm: if we are to suppress books which contain strictures upon Jesus, we must begin with the New Testament.



### THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE OXFORD BOOK OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VERSE, chosen by David Nicol Smith, (Oxford; pp. xii, 727; \$2.50).

ENGLISH MEN AND MANNERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, by A. A. Turberville (Oxford; pp. xxiv, 531; \$2.50).

THERE could be no one better fitted than Mr. Nichol Smith to choose a thoroughly representative anthology of 18th century verse, and this volume contains an admirable body of work on which to test the definite poetic achievement of the century. It is in every way varied, and the range is very wide; almost every conceivable form of poetry is here represented, and it is hard to think of anything that is missing which could have added lustre to this brilliant display. Mr. Nichol Smith is conscious that his attitude as an 18th century scholar is one of defence, and we feel that as he gathered and arranged this glittering heap, his aim was to prove to us how absurd it is to talk about this century as 'an age of Reason or an age of Prose', or to label its poetry as the product of the town, or to bemoan the tyranny of the heroic couplet.

We see at once that none of these generalizations are wholly true, and that the attack of the early 19th century poets on the character of their grandfathers was quite unwarranted; for instance Pope—at his best—never uses 'poetic diction', and his language is indeed generally much plainer, much more colloquial than Wordsworth's. And yet, though the verdict given against 18th century poetry may have been based upon false evidence, and may have been given by a packed jury, and though we may hesitate before accepting their opinions altogether, there can hardly

be any doubt that the verdict will remain fundamentally unaltered. In spite of Pope and Goldsmith and Thomson and Gray, the greater part of the 18th century was not a great poetic era. In drama and in poetry—with the single exception of satirical poetry—it did not contribute much that is supreme and of the highest excellence—at any rate up to the time of Blake and Burns, whose earliest volumes appeared in the eighties. It was not a later rebel from its tradition but one of its own poets, Joseph Warton, who in his *Ode to Fancy*, published in 1746, invokes the 'warm, enthusiastic maid' once again to

Animate some chosen swain  
Who fill'd with unexhausted fire  
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,  
Who with some new, unequal'd song,  
May rise above the rhyming throng,

Teach him to scorn with frigid art  
Feebly to touch the unraptur'd heart.

He felt the lack among his contemporaries of that imaginative poetry which is so scarce in the greater part of this volume; and it is that that will make the book less attractive as an anthology to many lovers of poetry. Just because it is so splendidly representative, it has been necessary to include a very large amount of minor work.

But it is invaluable as a companion volume to a history of 18th century poetry; and it is, moreover, an interesting and amusing volume to have on the table to pick up occasionally at odd moments. It is amusing for instance to be reminded of the last verse of *God save the King* as it originally appeared in 1745, at the time of the last Jacobite rebellion:

Lord grant that Marshall Wade  
May by Thy Mighty Aid  
Victory bring,  
May he Sedition hush,  
And like a Torrent rush,  
Rebellious Scots to crush,  
God save the King.

or to read again the one most famous poem of Christopher Smart, *The Song to David*, here given in full, which appealed so strongly to such different minds as Rossetti and Browning.

It is amusing to refresh our memories with the *Divine Songs for Children* of Isaac Watts:—

Let Dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God has made them so;  
Let Bears and Lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their Nature to.

But, Children, you should never let  
Such angry Passions rise;  
Your little Hands were never made  
To tear each other's Eyes.

And it is interesting to trace, through the book, evidences of what Mr. Saintsbury called 'the peace of the Augustans', and see the mood becoming more sentimental in the next generation. The very first selection is John Pomfret's *The Choice*, expressing very charmingly in easy couplets the Epicurean ideal

of a gentlemanly life in cultured leisure and retirement; and poems on *Solitude* and *Retirement* occur with surpassing frequency throughout the whole book, with the occasional reaction against this fashionable way of indulging the spleen in such an ode as Whitehead's *Enthusiast*.

It is interesting, too, to find by the side of poems like John Dyer's *Fleece*, with its rhetorical glorying in commerce and wealth—the sort of poetry we are prepared for—such really Wordsworthian writing as in Akenside's *Nature's Influence on Man*:—

Not a breeze  
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes  
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes  
Fresh pleasure only; for th' attentive mind  
By this harmonious action of her powers,  
Becomes herself harmonious: . . . .

Or the pleasant fancies of Tickell, as he dreams—sitting in Kensington Gardens in 1722—of the greater glories of the place in the days of old when only the fairies inhabited there.

Mr. Turberville's volume on *English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century* with its wealth of illustrations, collected and reproduced with much care by Mr. Johnson, Printer to the University of Oxford, should be attractive to the general reader, if not very valuable to the student of Eighteenth Century England. The narrative is not an ambitious study of the social history of the period, but it is pleasantly written, and within its narrow limits of one volume, fairly comprehensive. There is an introductory outline of political history from 1702—1783, and a survey of various sections of society, followed by chapters on the leading statesmen, divines, artists, and soldiers of the period.

There is only one curious omission—which may be, of course, due to the publisher's view of the public's tastes, and may have nothing to do with the wishes of Mr. Turberville. There is no indication that among the English men of this century there were to be found any scholars except those who happened to belong to the Church, or Parliament, or Grub Street. We have no mention of schools or universities, of philosophers, historians, or men of science. Perhaps they were not so picturesque as the farmers, or manufacturers or highwaymen, or the philanthropists or blue-stockings; or perhaps Mr. Johnson could not find sufficiently attractive illustrations of those dwellers in Laputa, and therefore they were quietly omitted.

The eighteenth century was a picturesque period, and that aspect of its life is well represented here. But no study of it can be regarded as complete, from whatever point of view, in which it is entirely forgotten that, when the century opened, Locke and Newton and Berkeley and Bentley were alive, and that some

at least of their followers might have been worth an honourable mention.

H. J. DAVIS.

### MELVILLE

HERMAN MELVILLE, by John Freeman (Macmillans, in Canada; \$1.50).

THIS volume which appeared simultaneously in England and Canada is the first book on Herman Melville to be published in England. Surely no other author was ever admitted to the great society of the 'English Men of Letters' series on such terms. Five years ago Mr. Weaver published his biographical study, and a year later the beautiful standard edition of Melville's works appeared; hitherto there had been no biography and no collected edition. And yet it is eighty years since Melville's first book—*Typee*—achieved a real if modest success when John Murray brought it out in an edition of 1,000 copies. Within five years Melville had published *Omoo*, *Mardi*, *Redburn*, *White Jacket*, and *Moby Dick*—all his best work—and had some reputation in the world of letters. But there the straw fire of his reputation flared and faked. *Moby Dick*, his latest and most powerful work, had been coldly received, and Melville gradually faded from the memory of the contemporary literary world. The news of his death in 1891 recalled him to men's minds, and since then, *Moby Dick* has had a gradually increasing number of admirers. And now Mr. Freeman calls Melville 'the most powerful of all the great American writers'. The history of his reputation certainly makes a strange story.

It is the originality and power of Melville's genius that impress us rather than the perfection of his achievement. His narratives are lacking in most of the structural virtues of good narratives. The long speculations and digressions seem, at least to a casual reader, so many excrescences without any very obvious relation to the theme. But there can rarely be any question as to whether we are in contact with a fresh original mind capable of making a powerful application of ideas to life. It is the insoluble mystery of life which in one form or another is the theme of all Melville's books. He travelled to the South Seas and over Europe to Constantinople, but all he saw was merely a symbol of the reality which he could contemplate more satisfactorily in his own heart. A lonely, sad man, he wandered through the world but was never of it. Men's praise, had it been given him in full measure, he would have held lightly; where they ignored him and his works he met their indifference with a not too bitter contempt.

To-day men are much concerned with the nature of artistic work. Is it merely an indication of the peculiar nervous organization of the artist in a world where the only knowable truth is mechanistic, or is it a legitimate path leading to reality? Melville had



## *Bienvenue à Québec*

*When the May sun shines on the steep little streets in Québec and the South wind comes, all full of birds—then the*

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*will help us to be happy among people who still dwell in a romantic age. Tall on its crag above the mile-wide blue of the St. Lawrence, towers Chateau Frontenac, that steam-heated castle where rooms are luxurious, where service is swift and silent, and food is something to celebrate with song! Live there, overlooking a hundred-mile sweep of country and a seventeenth century town. Stroll on Dufferin Terrace at twilight and hunt for Normandy chairs and homespuns. Come with us on a personally-conducted all-expense trip. Charminglly illustrated 32-page booklet and other details can be obtained from Henry Button, Aldine House, 224 Bloor Street West, Toronto.*

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CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC, MAY 20-22, 1927

no doubts on this subject. Always he is oppressed by the burden of the mystery, and the only lightening of the burden for him is in spinning these yarns of the far-away, where we at least realize that it is childish to accept things at their face value. We may not be able to interpret his tales even to our own satisfaction, but we feel that we are in an atmosphere of deep meanings if only we can spell them out. At times we sail through these wonderful oceans entirely satisfied with the delights of pure adventure related in clear-cut, effective, realistic language. And then suddenly we are aware of the mystery of things, and Captain Yillah and Queen Hantia become shadowy, symbolic figures which we can apprehend only in part. There is always something chaotic and confused about these stories. Experience is illuminated and partly harmonized, but they fall short of perfect artistic success probably because their author never attained to a complete acceptance of the baffling contradictions of life. The old oppositions of good and evil, of love and hate, of sense and spirit, remain unresolved, but at least Melville makes us realize that on them depend the fascination and absorbing interest of life itself. Moreover, he communicates to us his own sense of delight in life, and long after we have ceased to read him there linger in our memory pictures of tropical groves and storm-swept seas and blue lagoons, where dark-skinned men talk to each other about the past history of the world or about government or religion or right desire or God. And as we think of them in their isolated corner of the earth, ignorant, seeking for the truth, selfish and bestial or magnanimous and loyal, always engaged in conflict and seeking they know not rightly what, we realize that these things are a parable.

Mr. Freeman has given us a book which helps us to a sympathetic understanding of Melville. He recognizes Melville's imperfections, 'but in an imperfect world', as he rightly says, 'there is room for imperfect things and wisdom in the admiration of them'. He makes us realize the vitality of these strange stories even when their failure is palpable. 'Few writers are vigorous enough to achieve such failures.'

M. W. W.

### THE BLAKE CENTENARY

WILLIAM BLAKE, by Osbert Burdett (Macmillans in Canada; pp. viii, 198).

THIS is the hundredth year since the death of Blake. It is the psychological moment for a centenary celebration, and we may assume that the publishers are not wholly ignorant of the opportunity. Mr. Burdett's book appeared on the eve of this appropriate date and may be counted a contribution to the programme. The 'English Men of Letters' series has so high a reputation that this book can be adequately

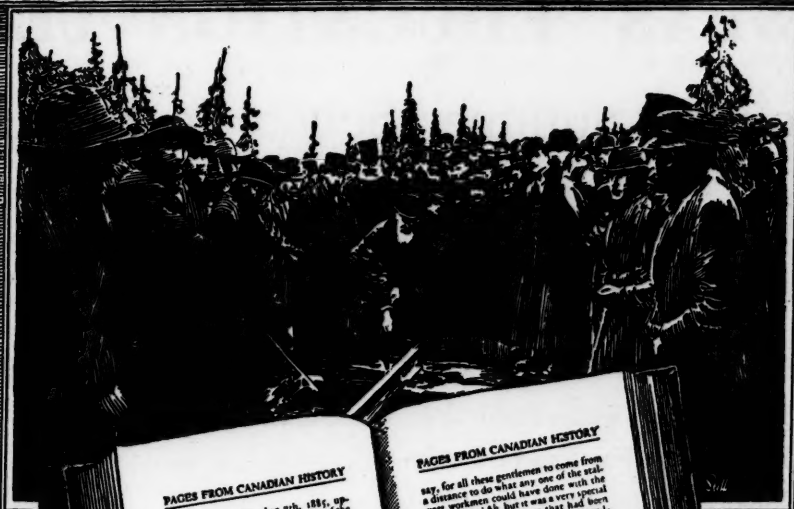
praised by saying that it is worthy of its companions.

The literature about Blake seems to be growing steadily, and the last two years have seen notable additions. In 1925 Geoffrey Keynes edited *The Writings of William Blake*, in three volumes, and Darrell Figgis produced a magnificent volume of the paintings of Blake. Foster Damon's elaborate and esoteric work on *William Blake: His Philosophy and Symbols* came out in 1924, and the *Prophetic Writings* by Sloss and Wallis appeared in 1926. The satellites of Blake, the less known painters, have also come in for attention, which is a sure sign of a growing cult. The development of this interest has been slow and it probably owes its recent acceleration to the nature of modern movements in art and literature which have been more favourable to the temper of Blake's words and more capable of seeing genius where earlier generations saw nothing but eccentricity.

Mr. Burdett's book is decidedly a good book. It is comprehensive, orderly, and complete. It is also enigmatic, for it suggests that either the author did not like the way Blake developed or he denied himself the luxury of enthusiasm. Some parts of the book are chilly with the coolness of a mind that will not be fired by hasty admiration; other parts glow with a genuine appreciation of Blake's aspiring genius. We may admit that Blake is not easily judged. He was only at times a man of letters; his lapses were appalling; and without the accompaniment of his own drawings his works lose much of the quality that makes them attractive even when the words move slowly and heavily. Mr. Burdett has no love for the prophetic works and no zeal for such esoteric expositions as those of Foster Damon. He decides that 'no analysis, no cross-reference, no meditation can convince an impartial student of letters that Blake's symbolic system is not arbitrary'. In this matter Mr. Burdett seems to kick against the pricks. Blake's system was arbitrary in the sense that it was created for a purpose, but continuous reading produces a sense of the monotonous identity of Blake's notation. For the figures are parts of a mythology of theory, an echo of Dante and Milton; and because true mythology knows nothing of theory, we feel a lack of vitality in these gigantic incarnations of ideas. Yet arbitrary is not a good word to use when the scheme is so rigid and the symbols as invariable as algebraic signs.

But this is a small part of the book. We may hold our own views about the different parts of Blake's work. Mr. Burdett has done his duty in showing us all Blake's life and works, and no one who pretends to know Blake or his period can afford to overlook Mr. Burdett's monograph. As a useful guide to the two worlds, inner and outer, which Blake inhabited, it is not surpassed.

1867 / DIAMOND JUBILEE SERIES / 1927



## PAGES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY

At last, on November 7th, 1886, upwards of five years before the expiry of the time allowed by the terms of the contract, the railway was finished.

"It," it has been picturesquely written, "an inquisitive eagle, soaring above the lonely crags of the Rocky Mountains on November 7th, 1886, had looked down upon a certain spot near the Columbia River and about 350 miles from Vancouver, it would have seen a very unusual sight. A railway train had come to a standstill at this spot to allow a number of gentlemen to alight, and these surrounded by a great concourse of working men, had gathered together to see one among them perform an action apparently simple and uninteresting. At the side of one of the uninteresting rails was an iron plate with a hole in it, and through this hole a spike had to be driven which would fasten it firmly to the wooden sleeper."

"Surely it was not necessary, you will

## PAGES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY

say, for all these gentlemen to come from a distance to do what any one of the valiant workmen could have done with the greatest ease? Ah, but it was a very special case! The last of millions that had been driven in the course of constructing a railway which was to join the town of Montreal with the Pacific Ocean.

No bright flags waved in that lonely valley, there were no trumpets to sound a fanfare of triumph. Yet the consummation of a gigantic undertaking was being celebrated. As the vigorous blows from the hammer rang out, it did not seem as exaggerated to say that they echoed through the British Empire. As someone picturesquely wrote: "The shippers of Victoria, British Columbia, heard them and knew that they meant an increase in the carriage of merchandise through the rail-roads to and from Japan, because the railway would lessen the distance between London and Yokohama by many hundreds

The text in the book reproduced here is from "The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal," by Buckle Watson, Cassell & Company Limited, London.

**CRAIGELLACHIE**—Symbol and slogan of romance and achievement—of stubborn fight and ultimate victory.

As Sir Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, drove the iron spike that linked the rails from Atlantic and Pacific, he symbolized the spirit of an old Scottish chieftain. The clans of the indomitable MacKenzies, McTavishes, Stuarts and McGillivrays; the Frasers, Finlaysons, McLeods and McLauchlins, with all their fighting traditions, seemed to "stand fast" behind him as his blows resounded through the solemn mountain pass.

What wonder that Great Britain's Queen

that night cabled her congratulations on the completion of a work which Her Majesty regarded as "of great importance to the whole British Empire."

The task of driving this final spike was allotted to Lord Strathcona as a tribute to his faith and his loyalty to the vision of a great transcontinental railway. Had he not poured his personal wealth into the undertaking when the Government assistance had proved inadequate?

His spirit, and the ideals of those other Titans with whom he was associated, are alive today in the hearts of his successors, who likewise cherish high aspirations for the world mission of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Craigellachie, the name of the station near which the last spike was driven, is named after one of the wildest and loveliest of the glens of Scotland and "Stand fast Craig Ellachie," the historic battlecry of this clan, was the message cabled by George Stephen (Lord Mount Stephen) to his fellow directors in one of the financial crises of the railway's early history.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

IT SPANS THE WORLD

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# OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE

## Holiday Summer School in French PARIS

Lycee Victor Duruy, Boulevard des Invalides

July 13th to August 20th, 1927

The School, which will be limited to 70 Students, will be divided into the following classes:

- (a) Senior: For Teachers and University Students.
- (b) Elementary: For Teachers only.
- (c) Junior: For Students of Girls' Colleges.

Should it be found desirable, additional Classes will be organized for Men and Junior College Students.

The Eastbound journey will be made with the Canadian Teachers' Party on July 6th, from Quebec direct to Cherbourg, by the EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA, the entire accommodation of which, with the exception of the First Class, is reserved for the Overseas Education League. Special train accommodation will be reserved from Cherbourg to Paris.

*Members of the French Summer School who wish to sail earlier than July 6th may cross with the Undergraduates' Party on June 22nd, on the EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND, under conditions identical with those provided on the EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA. Such members will land at Southampton and proceed direct to London, where arrangements on the same economical basis will be made as for Paris.*

The Westbound ocean journey will be made also on the EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA under similar conditions. The rail journey from Paris to Cherbourg will be with the Canadian Teachers by Special Train on August 20th.

COSTS for round trip ocean passage (Montreal to Cherbourg and return), round trip rail (Cherbourg to Paris and return), ocean and rail gratuities, Government tax, deck chairs and travelling incidentals throughout, baggage transfer and meals on trains, and Full Board and Residence at the LYCEE VICTOR DURUY,

TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS (\$265.00).

It is not possible at this date to definitely state the cost of Tuition and Staff Fees additional to the above. In accordance with the League's practice, the total cost will be divided per capita; it is anticipated that such costs will not exceed twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) for each student.

The Membership List will close as soon as the limit of 70 is reached.

Application forms will be sent immediately on request by the

# OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE

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# OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE

Fourth Annual Visit of Undergraduates and Graduates of Not More than Two Years of the Universities of the Dominion to Great Britain, France and Belgium (67 Days)

Summer 1927. Four Hundred and Fifty Dollars (\$450.00)

June 22nd—Sail on the R.M.S. "Empress of Scotland" (25,000 tons). (See specially prepared and illustrated steamship booklet, available on application to the League).

June 29th—Arrive at Cherbourg, and proceed by special train to Paris. A short visit will be paid to Caen, en route, should circumstances permit.

June 29th to July 7th—Nine days in Paris, where the usual interesting programme will be arranged. Visits will be made to Versailles and Fontainebleau.

July 7th—Leave Paris by morning train for Brussels, visiting Mons en route. Lunch in Mons, reaching Brussels in the early evening.

July 7th to 11th—Four days in Brussels, from where the Party will visit the University city of Ghent, Malines, and the Field of Waterloo.

July 11th—Leave Brussels via Bruges, where the Party will spend some hours en route to Zeebrugge, sailing same evening from Zeebrugge to Hull by special steamer.

July 12th to 16th—Arrive in Hull in morning, and proceed by the London and North-Eastern Railway to York by special train. From this ancient city, with its famous Minster, members will visit many interesting spots, such as Bolton Abbey, Fountains Abbey, Harrogate and Ripon.

July 16th—The Party will travel by special train from York to Bangor, North Wales. The route will be through industrial Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, via the Roman city of Chester.

July 16th to 22nd—One week in the University town of Bangor, domiciled in University hostels. During the stay members will enjoy an all-day motor trip of 120 miles through Snowdonia, visiting Colwyn Bay, St. Asaph, Llangollen, Conway Castle, Bettws-y-Coed, Swallow Falls, Nant Ffrancon Pass. A visit will also be made to Carnarvon Castle and the Isle of Anglesey. Bangor is not only a well-known centre of Education, but is also one of the most popular seaside resorts in North Wales.

July 22nd—The Party will leave by special train for Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire, calling en route at the historical city of Shrewsbury, on the river Severn, in Shropshire.

July 22nd to 25th—In Cheltenham, from where visits will be made to Hereford, Tewkesbury and Gloucester by motor car. Cheltenham is a famous educational centre, and is within easy access of many interesting points in South Wales and the Wye Valley.

July 25th to August 3rd—The Party will leave Cheltenham in two sections, one-half going to Oxford and the other to Stratford-on-Avon. Groups will interchange at the end of four days. Motors will convey members from Oxford to Stratford, and return with the Stratford party for the stay in Oxford. While in Oxford the women will be accommodated at Lady Margaret's, and the men at Balliol College.

From Stratford the Party will motor to Warwick Castle, Kenilworth and Guy's Cliffe, via Leamington Spa.

August 3rd—The entire Party will travel by special train from Oxford and Stratford for London.

August 3rd to 20th—In London. During this section of the programme visits will be made to Windsor, Eton and Stoke Poges and the surrounding country, and to other historical centres in the vicinity. An interesting series of Rambles and Lecture-walks is arranged by Mr. Allen S. Walker, of the University of London Extension Department. The following are some of the centres from which Mr. Walker will commence his literary walks: Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Guildhall, St. Clement Dane's Church, Lambeth Palace and the Royal Exchange.

August 20th—Leave for Southampton, to embark on R.M.S. "Empress of Australia."

August 27th—Arrive Quebec.

In addition to the exclusive arrangements which are made for the party on both Trans-Atlantic voyages, it will be noted that throughout the itinerary special trains and a specially chartered fleet of motor cars are used.

SPECIAL TRAINS WILL BE RUN FROM TORONTO and MONTREAL to connect with the "Empress of Scotland" on June 22nd, and also for the return rail journey at the end of August.

Application forms can be secured from Mr. Fennell, at the University of Toronto, and from the

**OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE**  
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## RECENT BOOKS ON BRIDGE

LENZ ON BRIDGE, by Sidney S. Lenz (Irwin & Gordon; pp. vi, 371; \$2.50).

AUCTION BRIDGE FROM A TO Z, by Ella G. Pimm (Mussion; pp. 204; \$2.00).

FOSTER'S CONTRACT BRIDGE, by R. F. Foster (Irwin & Gordon; pp. viii, 114; \$1.00).

SO THEY PLAYED BRIDGE AND HOW! by Hugh Tuite (Irwin & Gordon; pp. 151; \$1.50).

THE most interesting of these books is the one by Lenz. An ultra master of the game, he reveals to the layman the tactics of the expert player, with his calculations and stratagems and flashes of inspiration, often above and beyond 'the rules'. On this plane the game becomes a pastime of the creative intelligence and affords a real joy. Mr. Lenz knows how to write as well as play cards; the presentation is witty and richly flavoured with personality. But it is not a book for beginners; a working knowledge of the game is presupposed, and the author's aim is not to lay down commandments but to communicate a point of view. It is bridge carried into the fourth dimension.

An excellent book for beginners is the one by Mrs. Pimm. Sound, thorough and clearly conveyed, the first section should help any novice to take his first steps. The second section, more advanced, is equally good. Not quite so exhaustive as some of the standard authorities, it nevertheless touches on every important phase of bidding and play and is right in line with the latest and soundest gospel. Mrs. Pimm shows a mastery of expository writing that is rare among woman bridge authors.

R. F. Foster's book presents a brief introduction to contract auction, which is the old game with a new method of counting, the chief feature being that the bidder counts only as much as he bids. To go game he must bid game. This innovation has been lurking in the air for several years and looks like a logical development. It is in the experimental stage as yet, however, and there are several conflicting systems. Mr. Foster's book will help greatly toward standardization, but the reader must remember to keep an open mind toward alternative proposals. The chief point in favour of Mr. Foster's system is that it links up closely with the parent game and is thus apt to find the easiest and widest acceptance.

*So They Played Bridge and How!* is a book as odd as its title. It endeavours to teach the game by means of bad examples, the *dramatis personae* consisting of members of an imaginary bridge club whose style of play exhibits many of the common errors. After showing their murderous treatment of a hand, the author steps in front of the curtain and exposes each link of evil. This method, satirical at base, al-

lows the author to point out many peccadillos of deportment that escape notice in the more systematic text books. His sense of humour runs away with him in the last chapter, however, and gives the book a rather footling ending. Aside from this, it proves a shrewd and entertaining little volume.

JAMES B. CRIPPEN.

## A LITERARY TRAMP

WILD HONEY, Frederick Niven (Macmillan's; \$2.00).

THIS is given as a true account of the writer's experiences as a semi-hobo or 'gay-dog', in southern British Columbia some fifteen or more years ago. Although it suggests *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp* in places, and in its grimmer incidents MacGill's *Children of the Dead End*, its interest is not mainly autobiographical, but centres on the figures of Niven's two companions. The book is really a character-study of 'Hank' and 'Slim', against a vividly drawn background: the record of a series of lively impressions, illuminated by the shrewd and just reflections of a writer who evidently has had a full life. There are only the three characters, who set out for nowhere in particular, and two of them are still going on when the narrator parts company. The plot thread is slight indeed, but the tale has a charm that should hold the reader to the end at one sitting. It is the joys by the way that make *Wild Honey* a delight.

'Slim' is a lover of shady places by running streams, a turner aside after ants and butterflies and water-beetles. Incidentally he is also a first-rate cadger, and once served a brief, inglorious term as 'fancy boy' to a certain Mrs. Princep, of polyandrous tendencies. 'Hank' is a much more complex character, haunted by something which he cannot quite put behind him. He is by turns cynical, realist, and maudlin friend of all the world, according to the accessibility of the bottle. He quotes: 'Back and side go bare', and his face glows radiant at Shirley's:

Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

and at one stage he decides to kill the 'queer one' for the good of his soul.

Niven, in his descriptions, has an uncanny knack of selecting the essential details, and illumining them with his own emotional colouring. They are never mere purple passages, and they are equally far removed from the anatomical catalogues of some of our out-of-doorsmen when they write. The book is not all sweetness. There are grim touches here and there: the Indian children with the horrible sores; the woman in the mining town; old hobo tales. These give the tang to the honey.

Mr. Niven writes fine English; he has a nice sense





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Professor Van der Smitten has made a life study of Goethe's works, particularly of *Faust*, his translation showing mastery of both the German and English languages and a highly sensitive ear for rhyme and cadence. This work is likely to become a standard for English readers. Among the illustrations, engravings of the Pisan frescoes are here given for the first time in any edition of *Faust*.

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of words, and an ear for prose rhythms. He has an annoying trick, however, of constructing sentences with long parentheses that force the reader back over the ground to pick up the main thread again, and he has a rather obvious fondness for staccato effects. Nevertheless the book, in its own style no less than in the frequent literary allusions, marks Mr. Niven as one 'well nurtured in our mother tongue'. The writing gives one the impression of sincerity and directness, of striving to prune rather than to embellish. Here is one Western story written with no eye to the moving picture rights.

W. S. M.

### RUSSIA REVISITED

BROKEN EARTH, by Maurice Hindus (Irwin & Gordon; pp. 288; \$2.00).

THIS is the real Russia. Propaganda we have had without end, indiscriminate praise of the new order, and equally indiscriminate censure, but in *Broken Earth* we have a colourful and absolutely convincing picture of the peasant population and its reaction to the stimulus of the revolutionary years. Mr. Hindus was born in a small village in Central Russia, half a day's journey from the railroad—when the road was dry—and after living for some years in the United States he returned to his birthplace to find out what was going on. He went with one purpose in view—to hear the people talk—and discovered to his surprise that the *muzhik* has become the most articulate person in Russia. In Moscow, Leningrad, or Odessa, the opponent of the present system must walk circumspectly and refrain from undue criticism of the powers that be; but in the villages the peasant has found his voice, and all the grievances that have accumulated through centuries of oppression are pouring out in a flood. So far as physical characteristics were concerned, the author found his village unchanged. There was the same narrow winding street with its mud road in which the carts sank to their hubs in wet weather, the same piles of manure in front of each house right by the open well, the same horde of prowling half-starved vicious dogs, and the same lack of domestic beauty—neither grass, flower-beds, shade trees nor any dab of paint on the houses. But while his environment is unaltered, the mind of the peasant is in a ferment, custom and tradition are breaking down, and the new youth discusses electricity, atheism, and American technical methods when driving the cattle to pasture. However, Mr. Hindus does not devote much space to dull abstraction. It is through his sketches of the prominent characters of the village that the reader gets a glimpse of the new Russia. The anarchistic old miller, the new woman, the Red Landlord, and the last of the Russian Hamlets—all these are real people.

### A PIRATICAL PROFESSOR

LISTEN, MOON, by Leonard Cline (Irwin and Gordon; pp. 312; \$2.00).

IN his first novel, *God Head*, Mr. Cline displayed amazing cleverness in technique, an appealing beauty of style, and a powerfully original imagination. All these were employed to portray a scene which was essentially idyllic or sordid, just as one chose, to tell a story which was in the main unnecessarily horrible and to delineate a character in whom many reviewers and, I suppose, many readers found a splendid superman, but which to me represented merely the incarnation of undiluted and lustful acquisitiveness.

It is difficult to believe that the Mr. Cline of *God Head* is the Mr. Cline of *Listen, Moon!* The latter tale has the merry irresponsibility of that classic of the escaped professor, *I'll Show You the Town*. The whole story is a hilarious farce, and as clean as anyone could wish. Somehow or other, one has the feeling that the young man who is very dreadful in his philosophy of life but clean and sweet in his fun is probably in real life quite a decent sort—and this in spite of the fact that many of one's good and trusted friends amuse themselves by telling naughty stories.

At any rate, this is a jolly tale of a professor who escapes and turns pirate, with the aid of some up-to-date youths and others, and embarks on a perfectly harmless cruise, with many, many wild and romantic adventures, none of which lead either to bloodshed or heartbreak. All the cleverness is there that was in *God Head*, all the charm of style, and a delightful fancy and ingenuity in the place of the powerful imagination, and there is rollicking comedy in place of the unsatisfying and, therefore, spurious tragedy of the earlier book.

### THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY

BRITISH SLAVERY AND ITS ABOLITION; by W. L. Mathieson, (Longman's Green; pp. x, 318; \$6.00).

IT is a healthy sign for British historical scholarship that within two years two important books on colonial history should have appeared—Professor Coupland's *Wilberforce* and Dr. Mathieson's *British Slavery and its Abolition*. We have already called attention to the former, which has already taken its place as a first class contribution to imperial biography. It is with pleasure, then, that we can welcome a new book in the same field. This welcome is twofold. First, we are glad to notice among British scholars an ever-widening interest in Imperial history which we hope is a sign that the study of that subject is going to take a much more important place in British universities than it has occupied up to the present. Secondly, Dr. Mathieson's book merits welcome for its own sake. Dr. Mathieson has already achieved distinction for two important studies in ecclesiastical and social history covering the

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Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
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The book is a valuable contribution to both British and colonial history. Dr. Mathieson writes as a thoroughly trained scholar and his style is reserved, sober, and practical—qualities all the more valuable in connection with such a subject. We recommend his book to all students of an extraordinary human problem. In addition, students of Imperial constitutional law will find in it some important suggestions for further study in connection with the high claims to absolute domestic freedom set forth by the House of Assembly in Jamaica.

### THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR, by D. Knowles (Oxford; pp. xii, 223; \$2.25).

THIS is an excellent introduction to the history of one of the world's greatest tragedies, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to the general reader and to all young students who are beginning the study of an event full of human interest and remarkable for its varied actors. Mr. Knowles makes no claim to contribute to scholarship or to knowledge; but he knows the printed material and the secondary sources well. He writes clearly and with a sense of appropriate form and colour. There is always room, for the class of readers to whom we have referred, for a book such as this, if it is done with modesty, grace, balance, and judicious selection. Mr. Knowles's work is characterized by these qualities.

His biographical note could not be better for its purpose. We miss, however, a reference in the military section to the work done by the British Military Staff College. Mr. Knowles is not quite clear on the conditions in the Confederacy during the war (cf. p. 195, n.). In this connection we miss references to two books, one some quarter of a century old and one recently published—J. C. Schwab's *Confederate States of America* and Moore's *Conscription and Conflict in the Confederacy*. These two books ought to be read together by anyone who wishes an introduction to the economic, political, and military conditions in the South.

### SHORT NOTICES

THE CONVICTED CRIMINAL AND HIS RE-ESTABLISHMENT AS A CITIZEN, by Alfred E. Lavell (Ryerson Press, pp. ix, 126; \$2.00).

PERHAPS it is safe to say that in no other respect has Western civilization made such an advance in humane methods, during the last century, as in its treatment of the convicted criminal. Conditions are still far from ideal, but it is satisfactory to know that Canada is keeping in the front rank of those nations who are learning to adopt reformatory methods in place of the barbarous retaliation of earlier times. As Mr. Lavell says:—

Most offenders against reasonable and just laws, sentenced to loss of liberty, do not naturally arouse the sympathetic interest of many good citizens. Rather is there often a feeling of resentment and impatience against them as outcasts from society who deserve little but punishment and imprisonment. So strong is this feeling that anyone who expresses pity and concern for them is, by some, put down as a sentimentalist whose judgment is seriously at fault and whose efforts for the criminal are not only futile and foolish but are positively injurious to society. How anyone can read Victor Hugo's masterpiece and continue to feel this way it is difficult to understand.

The whole question of the causes of crime and the problems connected with the treatment of criminals is dealt with in a sympathetic manner, and there is a great deal of technical information regarding the penal institutions of Ontario—Probation, Ticket-of-leave, and the Parole system.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE, by Upton Sinclair (Sinclair, Pasadena; pp. 663; \$2.00).

A NEW edition of a book which has been out of print for fifteen years or so. It is, perhaps, the most finished of Sinclair's earlier works, although it suffers in some degree from the over-emphasis which characterized 'The Jungle'. There is a sincere attempt to deal with the problems of sex—love, courtship, marriage, and child-birth—on broad, general lines, and there are many fine and moving passages, but an air of fevered intensity pervades at least six hundred pages and the emotions are played upon almost beyond endurance. It may be doubted if any person since the time of Job has been so pursued and harassed by malignant fate as the hero of Love's Pilgrimage.

HOMILIES AND RECREATIONS, by John Buchan (Nelson; pp. 383; \$2.50).

WHICH of the thirteen essays in this book we are meant to take as homilies and which for amusement is not clear, for they are all pleasant reading. Mr. Buchan is equally agreeable whether he is discussing the Border Ballads, the genius of Foch, or the History of Oxford. The subjects show a wide range of interest—politics, military history, law, and literature. The literary essays, which form



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## THE MECHANISM OF THE MODERN STATE

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This is a book of the first importance, and will rank as one of the great works published by the Oxford University Press. It has cost its author over twenty years' work, and the two books which have brought him to the front rank of commentators on politics and administration—*Second Chamber Government* and *English Political Institutions*—were undertaken as preliminary studies for this full-length work on the subject of Executive and Legislative machinery. The book deals mostly with England and English Methods, but references are made throughout to many other western nations. The particular value of this book lies in the fact that an appendix has been added containing a large collection of documents illustrating both legislative and executive procedure, many of them hitherto unpublished.

S. B. GUNDY

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about half the volume, have an attractive unprofessional flavour. The pages on Sir Walter Scott—whom Mr. Buchan is not ashamed to think greater than Dumas, Hugo, or Balzac—are a good example of his easy pace and shrewd thinking in the judgment of books. Those who have known Mr. Buchan only as a person who kept them from bed following the escapes and hurried journeys of Dick Hannay will be reminded here and there that the critic and essayist is the same person as the romancer. 'All romance, all tragedy,' he says in speaking of Scott's sanity, 'must be within hailing distance of our humdrum lives.' Mr. Buchan, himself, knows how to link common sense and the stuff of romance in his own tales, and his praise of Scott is that of a fellow-craftsman.



ACTORS can hardly be blamed for preferring their modern luxury to the picturesque vagabondage in which they used to take a pride, and I gather from the illustrations in popular theatrical magazines that a great many of them live in the surroundings of millionaires. Of course, most of us have acquaintances on the stage, and we are aware that they have to be thrifty to escape starvation; in other words, they share the fate of the rank and file of men who have entered the artistic professions. But the players who have established themselves with the New York managers are receiving salaries that the stars of yesteryear would have considered fabulous. They are one of the big items in the mounting costs of production, and have helped to create a problem in the theatre that is affecting all the smaller cities.

There was a time when managers could afford to toy with a partial success. A drama might not be what they would call a knock-out, but with a group of well-known players in the cast, it would last out the season on the road and turn in a slight margin of profit as a result of the tour, perhaps five thousand dollars. But that sum would be considered much too small to-day to justify the amount of money and worry involved. A producer prefers to take his losses at once on a partial failure, and to make another gamble for more substantial stakes. In fact, theatrical producing has been steadily developing into an enterprise that can only be described as a gigantic gamble.

The whole aim of a producer would seem to be to register an enormous hit. The prices of the legitimate theatre have increased to a point where the public hesitates to spend money except for a sensational show; when one is not available, the cheaper

forms of entertainment are patronized. Consequently, the theatrical magnates strive to find a play or an operetta that will prove, in the poetic parlance of Broadway, a 'wow', and the pieces that draw no more than half houses go into the discard immediately. One of the results of this new system is a greatly increased number of shorter runs, and to protect themselves from the effects of lengthy periods of unemployment, the actors demand still higher salaries. With the aid of their powerful union, they can get almost anything that they ask. Finding the cost of production increased, the managers increase the cost of admission, and the cautious ticket-purchasers attend one less show a month. So the vicious circle goes on. The producers keep on plunging in hopes of finding something that will win them a fortune, and dozens of pleasing offerings with moderate appeal go overboard without ado.

The dramatic affairs of the road cities during the season just closing reflects that condition of affairs. I recall that in October 1912, when William Faversham, considered at that time one of the most important actor-managers, made his production of 'Julius Caesar', he drew about sixteen thousand dollars to a Toronto box office in the course of a week, and that was hailed as an achievement. Nowadays, that sum would be looked upon as satisfactory, and not much more. Plays that can only attract seven or eight thousand a week are no longer regarded as sufficiently strong to be kept alive.

That is why the theatre-goers in the smaller cities look over the lists and find that the season has brought them numerous elaborate musical attractions like 'Rose Marie', 'The Student Prince', and 'Blossom Time', and plays that have been sensationally advertised, such as 'The Green Hat' and 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes'. But the less showy and more substantial dramas, never very startling as successes or abject as failures, have almost entirely disappeared.

Who are the chief sufferers? The young men and women who prefer flamboyant revues and gorgeous musical comedies have no cause for complaint, and the people who like to keep in touch with the latest Broadway sensation get an occasional play keyed to suit their minds. But I think it is fair to say that in every city can be found persons of moderate means, quiet and thoughtful folk, who like beauty and anything that is fine, and they are being starved. They used to be the backbone of the theatre, but under present conditions they receive hardly any consideration at all in the commercial houses. They wait hungrily for the finer forms of drama, containing an element of ideas and an element of art, but week after week, they are offered only 'Scandals' and 'Vanities' and 'Passing Shows'.

FRED JACOB.





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